

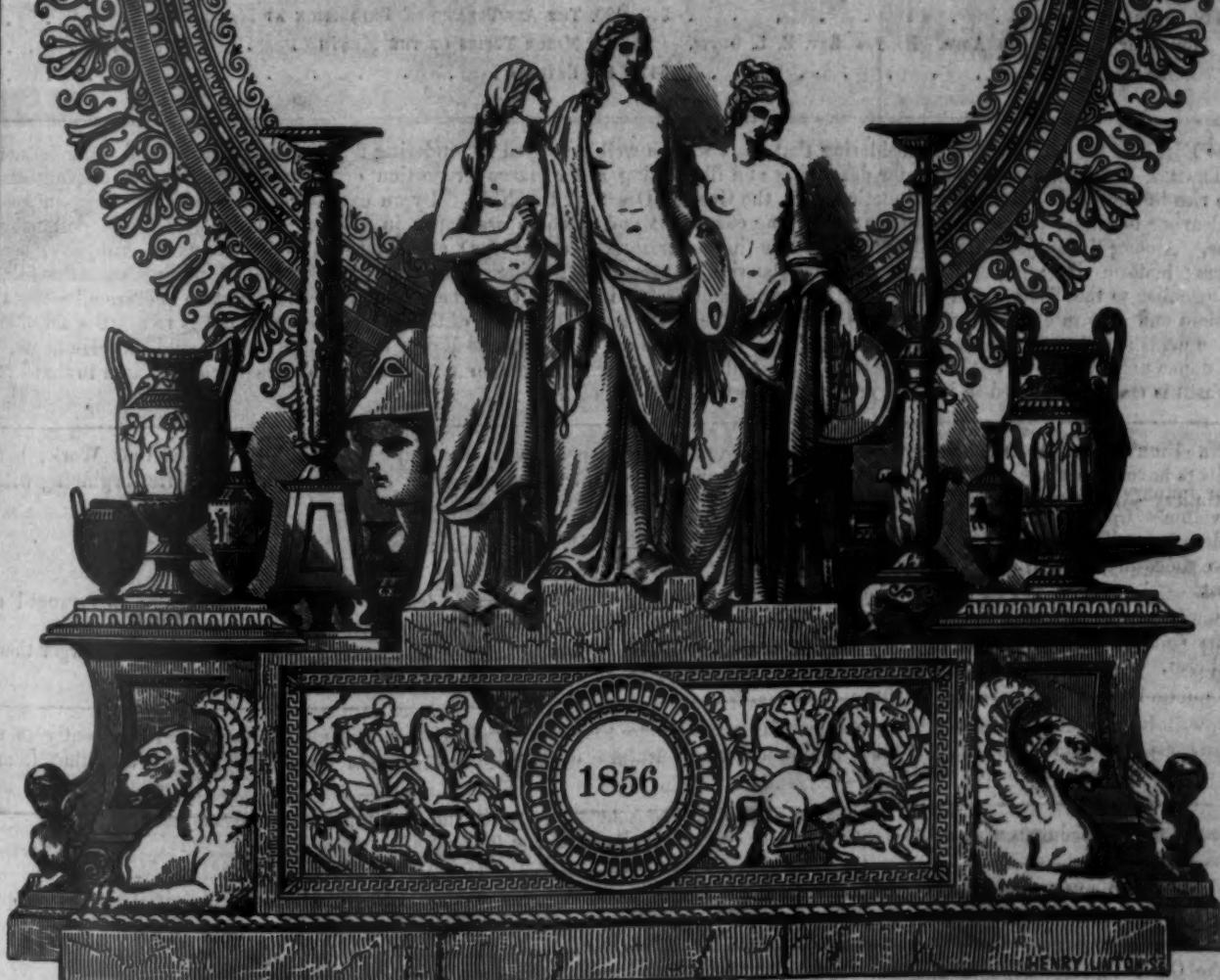
24  
NEW SERIES: CONTAINING THE ROYAL GALLERY.

No. XXIII.

NOVEMBER.

[PRICE HALF-A-CROWN;  
IN AMERICA  
SEVENTY-FIVE CENTS.

THE  
ART-JOURNAL.



GEORGE VIRTUE & CO., 25, PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON;

VIRTUE, EMMINS & CO., NEW YORK; B. DAWSON, MONTREAL.

PARIS: STASSIN & XAVIER. LEIPZIG: G. H. FRIEDELIN. AMSTERDAM: JOHANNES MÜLLER.

OFFICE OF THE ART-JOURNAL, 4, LANCASTER PLACE, WATERLOO BRIDGE, STRAND, WHERE ALL COMMUNICATIONS FOR THE EDITOR MAY BE SENT.



### THE ILLUSTRATIONS.

1. ST. LUKE PAINTING THE VIRGIN. Engraved by L. STOCKS, A.R.A., from the Picture by E. STEINLE, in the Collection at Osborne.
2. A FÊTE-CHAMPÔTRE. Engraved by PELÉE, from the Picture by J. B. PATER, in the Collection at Buckingham Palace.
3. SUNSHINE. Engraved by W. ROFFE, from the Statue by J. DURHAM.

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The Editor of the *Art-Journal*, considering that work will be well employed in rendering familiar the beauties and attractions of the *RIVER THAMES*, has made arrangements for describing and illustrating a very large proportion of its peculiar and varied characteristics, from its rise in Trewsbury Mead to its junction with the German Ocean at the Nore. By an extensive series of engravings on wood he will endeavour to render the subject justice; obtaining competent and valuable assistance in the several departments it will naturally comprise. Among the subjects thus illustrated will be the picturesque river scenery; ancient ruins and remains of antiquity; baronial residences; historic sites; places associated with memories of great men; bridges and locks; the botanical productions, the fish, the insects, peculiar to the *Thames* and its banks; the barges and boats: in short, it will be the duty of the artist to picture all matters that can explain and illustrate the river as it flows from its cradle to the sea. The object of this early announcement is to ask the aid of artists who have made sketches of the river-banks, and of any person who can supply to the Editor information on the subject. He hopes, with the assistance upon which he is already permitted to calculate, to render *THE BOOK OF THE THAMES* a desirable contribution to that *LITERATURE* which is essentially aided in interest and value by association with *ART*.

THE EIGHTEENTH ANNUAL VOLUME OF THE *ART-JOURNAL* commenced with the January Monthly Part of that Work; but our Subscribers have been made aware that in consequence of our arrangement to issue a *NEW SERIES*—such *New Series* beginning with the Royal Gallery—the aforesaid Part is made to commence

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All Orders for Advertisements should be sent to J. S. VIRTUE, Cottage Place, City Road; 26, Ivy Lane, City; or to 4, Lancaster Place, Waterloo Bridge, Strand.

Post Office Orders should be made payable to J. S. VIRTUE, Cottage Place, City Road.

## THE ART-JOURNAL.



LONDON, NOVEMBER 1, 1856.

NOMENCLATURE  
OF PICTORIAL ART.\*

BY J. B. PINE.

## BEAU-IDEAL.



beauty thus stands out by itself, prominent as distinguished from deformity, intentional as a work of the Creator, self-repeating and self-sustaining, as is every other work of creation, there will be little difficulty in adjusting its position in connection with the third and intermediate theory, which would make beauty and deformity depend the one on the absence, and the other on the presence of fitness. The deeper the insight we gain of nature, the more we are able to see that this exquisite fitness is equally a characteristic of the beautiful and the deformed, and that there is as yet nothing discovered in which it may be said that this fitness is even comparative. On the contrary, so transcendent does it appear in all instances, so universally beyond the conception of man, that he acknowledges himself to be left without a scale by which to measure the fitness of one thing with the fitness of another. He cannot thus qualify a particular instance in nature by attributing to it some one particular amount of fitness, as nature herself, in this respect, presents us with no degrees; but merely may it be discovered to possess for him some particular degree of fitness or unfitness for some particular arbitrary or foreign purpose to which he would force it. Barely can he do so by supposing it to have different degrees of any apparent present utility—depending, most likely, on his own comparative ignorance, rather than knowledge of the possible ultimate future uses of that which, at any one precise time, may appear to be useless; but to do so he is forced to resort for a comparison to a greater or less beauty or deformity. Thus, then, if anything in nature has in it anything in common besides its own particular identity and presence, it is this invariable fitness. If it have beauty or deformity as well, it has also fitness. Fitness being invariably found, it cannot be called in as a distinguishing mark to separate one thing from others, all which other things having the same amount of ultimate fitness as a general all-pervading quality. This appears to be as plain as that one cannot identify some one particular letter, in a book that may be printed altogether in black ink, by stating the letter to be black; and in the instance before us, the great distinguishing external characteristic of things resolves itself into beauty and deformity. If

utility and this fitness could be said to constitute beauty, all the world would be beautiful, as it is all possessed of this fitness, and neither the fact nor the term for deformity had ever been felt or discovered; while beauty itself, either morally or physically, had never been appreciated, from the very want of some antagonism by which to rate its amount.

It were impossible to overrate this fitness of all creation, its necessity, its ultimate completeness; though in the equally necessary absence of infinite knowledge it were, on the contrary, easy to underrate it, and to imagine the possibility of its possessing degrees by which one thing may be rated as in some measure unfit when compared with the admirable fitness of another: and this imagined possibility, untenable in itself, has been at the base of an erroneous theory of a beauty constituted of an admirable fitness contrasted with a deformity arising out of a fitness less admirable; and, ultimately, out of a great unfitness constituting an ultimate deformity. A notable instance of an error growing out of this absence of knowledge, occurs in the first estimate formed by naturalists on the construction and animal powers of the sloth. It must be that specimens of this singular animal had been first transferred to this country before those persons who actually captured them had thoroughly become acquainted with the whole of their habits. They were then placed in the ordinary den, or cage, of our museums, and created much attention by the then unaccountable fact of their walking, or attempting lamely to move, on the outside of the paw, instead of—like other animals—with the bottom of the paw on the earth; their long hooks, or claws, in this position lying parallel with, instead of perpendicular to the ground. Upon the appearance of this singular phenomenon, the whole of the half-philosophical world were very much inclined to the delusion that they had caught creation napping in the production of an animal with four legs and feet, but at the same time without the power of readily walking; while at first sight a very natural notion prevailed that it necessarily should be capable of walking, if only in search of food. However it might have been, this fact of the absence of a power of easy locomotion much perplexed people, and the perplexity set afloat numberless more or less strange theories to reconcile it with the generally received belief in the universal fitness of things.

The two most singular of these theories being, the one that it offered an extraordinary proof of the as generally received axiom that there is no rule without an exception—this being an exception to the rule of the universal fitness of created things; and the other that some animals, perhaps being at the same time epicurean as well as carnivorous in their tastes, and loving sloths, this derangement of the locomotive powers in the latter animal might have been an arrangement for rendering it a more easy prey.

These little delusions, however, vanished under a fuller knowledge of the habits and locale of the animal in question, up to this time considered the most "injured, unfortunate, and melancholy of all living things;" and those peculiar structural characteristics which at first view seemed to threaten its probable long existence, were ultimately discovered to be as felicitously contrived to continue the species to eternity. In no respect could they have been otherwise so well adapted to this end, either as regards the sloth itself, or the food that was to sustain its life. Hung by those long crook-like claws under, instead of upon, the branches of trees, the sloth was thus suspended amidst the fullest and richest supplies of its constantly accumulating food, which position it was enabled to keep for any length of time from the

great strength of its feet and the crook-like character of its suspending claws. We have now nearly done with these opinions, which would disturb the position of beauty on the earth, hustle her from her throne in the heart of man, and warp the beneficent intentions of the Creator in the great object of creation. This third and intermediate theory, then, carrying with it all the weakest characteristics of an invention of man rather than a discovery, falls to pieces from its own want of fitness. The want is self-evident in its own premises, which disappear in every evolution to establish themselves; and if anything said here may even tend to dissipate what I imagine to be the errors of the second and third theories, much good will have been achieved, as by a constant displacement of error, and a re-agitation of any subject, truth will be the more likely to make its appearance.

There is one grave error indulged in by the inartistic public arising of the term *ideal*, which goes far to weaken the claims and obscure the real character of the beau-ideal. It is, perhaps, unfortunate that the term *ideal* has been adopted, as it has created a notion, and a widely-spread one, that the beau-ideal is an inventive beauty, which though under an easily appreciated form, as illustrative of man, is, nevertheless, never actually found in nature. This supposition that the beau-ideal is never found in nature is entirely erroneous. That the exquisite perfection of the details of the human form, found in those sculptures to which we assign the characteristic of the beau-ideal, is incompatible with the powers of nature, is equally so. It may be said, in opposition to this view, that a search through a thousand instances of the human form may not present one perfect individual. The obvious answer to which is, search through ten thousand. If ten thousand will not yield one, try ten million. If Europe itself prove unproductive, try the remaining quarters of the globe; and if the whole world itself present but one individual at any one time equal to compete with the beau-ideal of the *elite* of the sculptures of antiquity, it will be a sufficient vindication of the power of nature to produce that which has been all but universally considered to be an invention of man: morosely considered as an egotistical illustration of himself; and beneficially, as one of his most fervent as well as purest aspirations after perfection.

The existence of the beau-ideal then is, on the contrary, one of the great facts in nature, and not a gratuitous invention of, but a mere reproduction by, man from its original type. It demonstrates the highest intention of creation as to form; and if realised but rarely, so much the more value attaches to it when found. The general everywhere-to-be-found character of the human form is merely a vacillating line which degrading influences have been able to warp round this high central one, to which, or from which, the same vacillating line may be said always to either tend or deviate. It is the want of a due sense of the grandeur, the purity, and the beauty of this intention of creation towards the beau-ideal, that gradually depraves the mind itself; and, ultimately, in its lower states of pictorial degradation, induces one man to paint you a Jesus Christ with bunions and bandy legs, and another to disguise the world's Redeemer in a watchman's greatcoat, and a countenance that would undignify a watchman; while the same mental depravity, with a little more ignorance super-added, are sufficient to produce a crowd to admire them.

These eccentric and vacillating lines, playing round the pure one of the beau-ideal, may be compared to vice, in its thousand forms, surrounding virtue—shaking her pedestal without destroying her, but at the same time shrouding

Continued from p. 99.



her from public contemplation: and it is only through this burly, boisterous, and gibing mob, that it may be approached with the constantly-increasing risk of being permanently fascinated on the route by some less worthy object than the one originally sought for.

The Greeks—whatever might have been their mode of study, and guided by whatever principles—seem to have been possessed of a more indomitable constancy than the moderns, in this pursuit of the unvitiated beauty of the primal form. It is now pretty generally considered that their search was principally for a mean and central line, dividing equally the erroneous and varied lines that presented themselves in the common nature round them; and it is more than probable that long before the time when in this country instances of the beau-ideal may become as frequent as they must have been with the Greeks of the artistically classical period, this mean or central line in nature will again be the great object of study. It is quite evident that the power cannot be gained by the classical sculpture alone, though more than likely that it may be approached through it, as an unexceptional source through which to acquire the power of drawing, but a very equivocal one for imitation; for a man must rise above it to be able to do the like, as execution is always below conception.

As a great artist, better to have never known the antique than to suffer it to absorb the entire affection. Better by far begin afresh, and look again upon man in the aggregate as the beautiful of that nature out of which he has been called. And may we not find, by a comparison of himself with his constituent nature alone, a path by which to arrive at a comprehension of his beau-ideal? It were easy to broadly answer this query negatively by stating, that if it may not be arrived at by this process, there is no other open by which it is so likely to master the solution. The Greeks either might or might not have proceeded upon this broad ground of centralising man. If they did, there is no record of their aim or plan, except as derivable by supposition from their works. This supposition, as given by the older critics to the world, is an entirely gratuitous one, without why or wherefore, and has consequently been altogether discredited, or held in very weak faith, except by those few who—without any such intimation—would, in their own sound mode of reasoning, have struck out again the same theory.

The aim will now be, instead of giving again the unsupported dictum, to establish the fact of the existence in actual nature of the beau-ideal, and clear a path to it by analysing man in his state, form, place, and sentient and mental qualifications, as affected by the simple and single test of centralisation.

It may be admitted as a starting point, though with the risk of somewhat vexing the question, that man is not strictly, entirely an original; for what can be strictly so in an eternal order of things, in which all is either concentrically or excentrically analogous? For, allowing the universal dictum that he is within himself an epitome of all creation, or of the world—taking more confined grounds—this duplex character limits in some degree his entire originality, in establishing his reflected and composite nature—an union of all the elements of nature, differing in form, with superadded mentality and future life. Take at first, for instance, the most general and least particular of all other qualifications—that of size. He may be stated as exhibiting a perfectly central position, off which to measure upwards to the largest, and downwards to the smallest instances of animal life useful or employable in labour; that is, midway between all those who have to sustain life “by the sweat of the brow.” Take a next general and com-

prehensive point as affecting his existence—his place on the earth, and this will be found to be central or mean also, nicely poised between the hotter and colder regions. For however it may be possible to find human organisms capable of sustaining life imprisoned in snow dens in the frigid, or like an animal of the field lying under the shelter of leaves in the tropic zones, the temperate portions of the earth are best suited to the production, cultivation, and sustentation of the moral, intellectual, and physical man; while his reproductive powers, under temperate climates, doubles the ratio to be arrived at in either tropical or frigid countries. Many will insist that there are organisms as fitted for the one extreme as the other. Granted! And there is nothing lost by the admission, for it may be asserted that, for every one fitted for either one or the other of such extremes, there are twenty who are not, and those fare equally well under a temperate sun. At any rate, take man in the aggregate, at the zenith of his capabilities, and he is only to be found in those parts of the earth enjoying a middle temperature.

Again, in assigning him a place in relation to his size and its necessary proportions; their characteristics will be found to be central—midway between the large and the small, the light and the heavy, the attenuated and the bulky; their proper range alternating in degrees between the elegant, the beautiful, and the dignified. Taking the both together it never rises to the grandeur of the pillared and domed elephant, nor descends so far as ever to bear a humiliating comparison with those lesser animals whose fragile structures are disarranged by a breeze or destroyed by a shower, but holds a medial position between the two. Man never ascends to eminent grandeur by means of his general outline alone. His arms would appear to hang, and his legs to stand in the way of an ultimate grandeur; and by the head alone, burning in its intellectual intelligence, and glowing under the effulgent influence of high passion, does he ever achieve it. By the exhibition of intellectual power in forcing an adverse situation, the head alone, with even the weak accompaniments of arms and legs, may become sublime. On the contrary, an unintellectual man by means of his general form alone under no circumstances may even become grand, though he may be born eminently beautiful, though he may have even those proportions which a sculptor may, in courtesy, pronounce grand. As regards, again, the mechanical forces, he remains about the centre of animated life, neither possessing the quickness of one species, nor the mastery over weight of another.

The most difficult thing perhaps of all others to accede to is, man's mean state as regards the senses, or some of them, inasmuch as through these he receives the first intelligence on all subjects that lead to the completion of his intellect, and render him ultimately the most intelligent of creatures; and so much so as to induce him to pronounce all the rest of the animal creation to be destitute of the reasoning faculty. It would, therefore, be more consonant with our preconceived notions of the necessities, and, at the same time, more flattering to the hugeness of our egotisms, to find ourselves possessed in every instance of better and more perfect senses than our subordinate fellow animals. Be it as it may, however, he is found to be inferior to the bird in precision, if not general force, of vision; to the dog and many other animals in that of scent; and to many others in point of hearing.

It is far from an unamiable, unsocial, or rebellious feeling that induces this expression of opinion, and, while holding it, it ought at the same time to be inferred that this superior power of sight, scent, and hearing, in the lower

animals may be confined to certain modes only, and not to embrace a range so wide and diversified as that possessed by man, whose necessities, requiring a highly varied power of sense, have given him one of less precision as applicable to some one given purpose. This mean state of sense, therefore, instead of derogating from man, constitutes his gloriously general superiority over every other sentient being, giving him general while refusing him particular power.

Taste and touch, however, remain the comparatively sole property of our species, in which powers we transcend all other animals—if touch may not be made an exception in favour of some few whose locale precludes the use of what visual power they may have.

It is unnecessary here to speculate too minutely on the possible motive in the creative power for poising the human family in this medial state. It will be sufficient to draw particular attention to the fact for the purpose of establishing some grounds for future induction. A few words, however, bearing on our own particular subject may be admissible. By reflecting the whole of creation on the constitution of man, and making him—as a matter of necessity—medially an epitome of the universe, he is thus intimately associated with the universe itself. It gives him an instinctive interest and solicitude in the whole order of things as they are; and his mean state enables him to the more readily reach, as it were, mentally from one of their extremes to the other; the more so than if he were more closely allied to the greater or lesser instances of it. If, for instance, his natural proportions were less, he could not so readily acquire control over the large; and if much larger, he had lost power over the more minute; if either one or the other he had never been in close associateship with either. In fact, had he been of the size of the ant, his largest ships would have been less than a washing-tub, and he had never crossed the Atlantic; and if of the size of the elephant, he had never found earthly materials out of which to construct a vessel capable of holding two thousand of his huge companions. With the dimensions of one he had incumbered the earth; while with those of the other he had merely infested it.

In looking at any apparently incomprehensible fact in nature it is useless to wonder at the whys and the wherefores that it may raise, or to entertain them at all in the manner of doubts as to a perfect fitness. The time spent in doubt on this particular point is time thrown away, and one only begins to save this time when it shall be determined to receive all nature like a schoolboy receives the elementary portion of his education, in perfect faith and reliance on its being all right and necessary. The metaphor which describes creation as a sealed secret was conceived in a moment of libellous ingratitude and mental idleness, and has been merely received unquestioned by the world on account of an apparent ingenuity during its period of weakness. The more informed world discovers it to be merely locked, and at the same time finds itself to be the key. No rude instrument by which force is made to supply the place of skill, and through which fracture takes the place of discovery, nor any sneaking agent by which the wards may be passed; but the key itself, made for the express purpose, with a nicety of adaptation which finds a point of unerring and ultimate fitness in every minute phase of his nature. A more subtle ingenuity, and a more extended information will be able to carry this analysis through other and more striking channels than are here touched on, by which to further illustrate this general central position of our species, and deduce its perfect necessity from its resultant fitness.

Having in accordance with the previous views centralised man in the aggregate, examine

him now as an individual, always bearing this inquiry in the van:—Where is his beau-ideal? Where his ultimately perfect form and development? Does it obtrude itself in the giant, or does it hide itself in the dwarf?

The hope of finding it wallowing in bulk is just as preposterous as that of discovering it dwindling away in stunted proportions. It must then be looked for in the mean or central dimensions and proportions, like everything else having truth or beauty for its character.

If we descend from the general form to the members, it would be as hopeless to expect it in either the large or the small. The too largely developed head, with its either extravagant or stultified projects, no more than the one of contracted and inefficient organism, realises beauty. That the small hand pertains to nobility must be a sheer conceit; but, if true, added to its weakness, merely dissociates nobility from beauty equally with the large one, which is merely indicative of power. The feet would go by the same rule; and the legs must follow. On looking at the most classical works of the ancient Greeks it is impossible to refuse the conviction, long ago surmised only, that their search for beauty lay through some imaginary central or mean line, at once avoiding the full as well as attenuated, the big and the little, and that the proportions adopted for the minor parts were as studiously projected on the same medial adjustments. But it is not so certain that they decided these dimensions and proportions from a mean line deduced from the whole of the human races; and much more likely that they were content with those derived from the Greeks themselves, Greek giving to Greek. At the same time it is most unlikely, from what may be collected from their writings, that their conclusions were drawn from, or were biassed by, considerations connected with the centralism of man himself in the creation. This may not be determined without a minute and extensive acquaintance with Greek literature, but it is to be inferred that the character and object of it did not tend in this direction, and that we are indebted more to the general inventive and tasteful powers intuitively possessed by that people, along with that well-developed form consequent in some measure on their climate, but more on their habits and manners, for that much of the beau-ideal that we have inherited from them in their sculptures. It may be said that we—that is the moderns—can do the same thing again, having access to the same principles. If it were not that such principles are no principles at all; and added to which we may, or may not, be in possession of the same amount of intuitive perception of the beautiful, and certainly not of the same advantages of climate, habits, and manners.

If we are—like so many savages—to look upon these sculptures in silent and unproductive admiration, as something very extraordinary, done by some now extinct very extraordinary people, it may or may not be all very well to go on admiring, spinning cotton, staining paper, daubing canvases, and emigrating. An aspiration, however, lies burning around the soul to transcend these glorious Greeks. It occasionally, at a single flash, consumes all these thoughts about cottons, papers, and canvases, and leaves in unclouded effulgence the inner orb of our civilising natures, prone only to transcend and beautify. We have already done it in politics, in diplomacy, in machinery, and in war, but Art has been left to thrive as it best may on empiricism and native courage, unprotected, and, in a great measure, unrecognised; and if ever we transcend in the production of the beautiful it will be by having access to more comprehensive grounds to proceed on, acknowledged to be at once rational and certain.\*

## SUGGESTIONS OF SUBJECT TO THE STUDENT IN ART.\*

BY AN OLD TRAVELLER.

### CHAPTER X.

Old English Towns and their Market-places—A Morn of May—“Doing observance” more Yarmouth—The First Merchant—A Customer—Io Penny!—A Wish and its frustration—Better Prospects—An Apology—The Privilege of Labour—Church and Trees—Chariots—Prototype in the Biga of the Vatican—Chariot Races of Padua—A Charioteer—A Horse of “worthie race”—The Rows—Venice—Verona—The Lastricata—Night in Verona—Home! still Home!—Burlington House in '55—Amateurs, Royal and Noble—Richard and Kate—Poets, Kings, and Commons of England—The Pride of Pembroke—A Hint from Mistress Gilpin—Fisher-women of Norway—October departing—Consolations in November—Gaston Phœbus—Charles the Bad—The Banquet and its Events—A Great Misfortune—Messire Jehan Froissart—Raymond de Corraso—Messire Peter of Bearn—A Procession to Our Lady of the Woods—The Count's Hunting-party—The Vision—Forgiveness—Hunting at Home.

Not a few of our brave old English towns still make their boast of a market-place; so fair and spacious in every extent, so grave and dignified, or so quaint and rich in pictorial effects, that no painter, worthy of the name, could be dropped into the midst of one without resolving to perpetuate its every characteristic feature on the choicest canvas of his studio—soon to become the best loved, also, as successful progress should bring the beauty and value of his work into greater prominence.

Such a picture, as the artist so determined will produce, was presented to our fortunate eyes no longer since than the summer just by-gone—alas! for the bright and fair departed! when the last delicious morn of May was exhibiting her wealth of loveliness—as who should say:—

“Let the June your hearts are turning to welcome, O ye fickle sons of men! bring you aught more lovely than these *my charms*, which you will presently be forgetting.”

“Was then the fair month envious of her sister?”  
Nay, boy! do her no such grievous wrong; some shade of sadness there might be passing over her pearly brow, but for so black a cloud as that within whose folds pale Envy shrouds her ugliness, far be this from the Queen of months. She did but heave one sigh for the loss of your love, ye poor children of mortality, and methought the softness of her beauty grew ever sweeter as she mourned for that best of treasures—affection: affection born of heaven, and heaven's fairest boon to earth.

May! but the last of May! And the hour? ‘Tis that early one of morning, the first to follow the sunrise, when the beams exhibit that delicious pale-gold of their youth, unknown to such as keep closed eyes until their mid-day splendours blind the world. Over all the fair broad market-place are scattered numbers of small, slender, dim-coloured fabrics, each much resembling a sentry-box; they are now lying, leaning, or standing about in rare confusion, but shall soon be all marshalled in trim array, such as Order prescribes in the mart when Traffic rules the hour.

As yet we have truce from the turmoil that shall prevail anon—the hour is yours, O Painter! One merchant alone is in the “receipt of custom,” to apply for our own purposes a phrase due rather to him who gathers the fiscal tributes—one only, but a prosperous and well-appreciated chapman, as you see; since, of the few now but thinly peopling the ample space, a large proportion is either demanding, or in process of consuming, his wares.

“The cup  
That cheers, but not inebriates.”

is that which you see dispensed, with appropriate edibles, by the “son of the morning,” now adjusting his clean white apron (no true painter will start from the seeming bathos) for your especial benefit; and his consoling appliances are attracting within his orbit whatever can muster the respectable penny that shall pay for each steaming and well-odoured libation.

Ah! good, broad, honest, helpful piece, with thy clear brown ample disk, its huge weight all unfeigned by the hardy palm of him, but too well pleased to enfold thee in his grasp, the boy with blithe frank

visage and firm determined step, that now approaches the tempting board:—not on reddest gold or fairest silver is the welcome face of our sweet liege lady so dear to the eyes of youth, in another class of her loving subjects, as it is on thy much begrimed surface, stout, gladsome penny of my heart! Dear, and doubly dear art thou to the “thews and sinews” of the nation, as it makes its way to manhood, after the rough, yet not unhappy fashion familiar to the youth now resigning thee for a something, at this moment yet more precious and more needful—great as is the store he sets by thy comely self.

Now I would that at no point throughout the fair breadth of our lady's realm were there one child to be found who could not command thee, much availing coin! but even as we utter the wish, come the longing eyes of you poor pale mother, making sorrowful confession that no son of hers may this morning boast of possessing the potent wealth represented by thy good round bulk. Woe is me, penny! can there not be some means found for enriching the group around her to that extent?

There can, for the well-to-do labourer, sitting there swinging his substantial yet not unshapely legs from the rail that he has chosen for a seat, while he waits for his comrades, who will come to aid him uprear the tabernacles for the sellers, *he* has turned his glance in her direction. He looks careless and unmoved just at present, perhaps—yet never doubt him; the daughter of wretchedness comes nearer, and ever as she does so, that great brown hand of his gets closer to the pocket within whose depth thy beneficent presence hides unseen. A moment more, and the consciousness thereof shall gladden the poor, lost, ragged, lazy-looking creature, slowly coming within reach of him who toils, and who can therefore give; aye, even thee, O penny!

You will say she has the trailing gait of the practised beggar, and affirm that her indolence cannot fittingly be upheld by the labours of the industrious. Well, I grant you that there will be a misappropriation of funds—for the woman evidently is a beggar from habit, perhaps from choice; but look at her four wretched children! There is not much to reassure one as to her future in those faded looks, and it may not be denied that her dingy rags have an air of the parish workhouse; neither is that gait, inert and purposeless, without its significance. Still there are the children, and for this moment what can be done? they cannot wait for a breakfast until the mother has been rendered provident and industrious, wherefore let the rigour of your judgment be relaxed, and suffer industry to bestow on Idleness his hardly-won penny.

She has not yet detected the good provided for her by our friend on the rail; but wait a moment, and if it were not that we prefer to have her as she now stands, and must fix her so, and not otherwise, you should presently behold a spurious kind of energy informing those languid movements, and the half-dead eyes would gleam, for at least some few short seconds, as her perceptions became awakened to the fact of that large hand, stretching forth, as it surely will be, to endow her with the wealth you wot of.

A fine old church, shadowed beautifully, as we now see it, by trees—rarely found standing on similar sites—give peculiar character to our market-place; and this is further heightened by the dashing approach of a carriage, also peculiar to the place—Yarmouth, in Norfolk, namely—nay, which you will find in no other. In form it is not unlike the Roman *biga*, as most of you have admired it in the rich white marble specimen giving its name to the “Hall of the Chariot,” or “Sala della Biga,” in the Vatican, where it forms the fairest ornament of that well-filled chamber of the gallery. Others of your number may have seen the same form of chariot, but in widely different material, as it whirls around the arena of Padua, and some few other Italian cities, where the chariot-race is still the rare exhibition of some extraordinary festival.

But to such as have not beheld that inspiring sight, the Yarmouth carriage will give a most sufficing idea of the vehicle; while in picturesque effect the English charioteer is in no respect surpassed by his Italian compeer. Frank of aspect, bold and fearless of demeanour, and bearing a whip, which he holds chiefly as a staff of office, he stands, a hero accepting a triumph, rather than a hireling driving a fish-cart.

"Woe is me now for *that* bathos, for this time it seems real." Yet no! it is again but in seeming, friend Zoilus; do but look at the spirited air where-with he stands erect as he now comes dashing towards us at the speed of his swift, yet powerful horse: no creeping, cart-like pace is his—nay, the whole man is altogether different from those of his class elsewhere. Well set on his handsome shoulders, the head now has its crisp brown curls covered by a sturdy sou'wester; but how becoming is the confidence of its carriage, that head! and if he were to lift off the covering, what a good fair brow you should see! A short canvas frock next comes into view, with very loose trowsers of some nondescript material, with which you have the less to do, since they are almost wholly concealed by the classic form of the vehicle wherein he "comes spanking along." Spring aside, good friend, or he may chance to crush his critic, though to do evil be not in his habits. Mark him as he passes in full career, what a cheery-looking creature it is!—brown hues of health adorn his rough-hewn features,\* a good-humoured word seems all but visible on his lips, ready to greet you; and his expression is such that if you wanted help in a crowd, it is just to his very self that you would turn to ask it. And you would choose judiciously—earnest in his labour, ready for all things among his mates, dangerous, perchance, if wrongfully assailed and deeply moved, he is yet gentle as the gentlest woman if he find you suffering; and that great rough hand shall lift the street-bred infant from its jeopardy with a tenderness of touch that only the mother's self could equal.

Then his horse—no unworthy portion of your group is he—strong, but not heavy; in the best of his age, and thoroughly up to his work, he puts the stones behind him at a pace such as no ordinary cart-horse "ever saw in a dream—he nor his fathers before him," as Eastern writers say. Is he not pleasant to look at—his small tapering ears pointing cheerfully forward, the bright clear eye, yet calm, and somewhat grave withal, bespeaking the excellence of his temper and the prosperity of his condition? How easy, and even pleasurable his task in this delicious morning air! no toiling, overwrought slave is he—"Warm and duly aired is my well-strawed stable, good and abundant is my hay, and my corn is of the best; pure is the water I drink, and never do the gross impurities I loathe come near the vessels of my service. Well fed and tended am I, and now will I do my work as a brave horse should." These are the thoughts you read in his comely looks, the good horse, and in excellent keeping they are with all else suggested by that group—man, horse, and classic-looking chariot. Let them only have, on your canvas, the life and movement they exhibit, and none shall say that this makes the worst portion of your picture.

Another peculiarity of the town in question is the frequency of those singular passages there called "Rows," of which there are many scores—nay, I think I have even heard that they amount to hundreds. They recall to the writer, as to others acquainted with the Lombardo-Venetian capital as well as the Norfolk seaport, certain remote parts of Venice, all unknown to the mere passing traveller; but still more closely does the "market Row" of Yarmouth—the best and handsomest of these passages—resemble that peculiar passage in Verona called the "Lastricata."

Leading from that great centre of gaiety for all who dwell in the city of the Montagues and the Capulets, the "Piazza Brà," this place is much frequented by the English and other travellers, who pass through it when returning thence to their hotels, or when proceeding to the amphitheatre, into which look the windows of the Lastricata on one of its sides.

But this assertion of resemblance must be taken with certain grains of allowance—more especially is there a difference in one respect, and that of no slight moment. Never in her wildest glee does Yarmouth pour through her decent thoroughfare so fearful a volume of sound as makes night hideous in Verona—yelling, howling, whistling, shrieking, roaring, bellowing, stamping, and tearing the af-

frighted air by whatsoever means their brazen lungs and ready limbs present—so does the crowd come rushing from the Piazza through that else fair paved-way called, because of that pavement, the "Lastricata."

And with this is the city afflicted at all hours of the night—nay, till deep in the morning: but less shall suffice you—listen to that unimaginable uproar but for one half hour, and the howlings of Pandemonium itself shall scarcely amaze you after that.

"We don't mean ever to make acquaintance with those howlings," some one is saying, in half-affronted tones.

So much the better, and your resolve is altogether praiseworthy; but then you must not venture within miles of Verona after nightfall, seeing that permission to roar their loudest is the sole form wherein a particle of liberty is accorded to the Veronese: and since they know it under no other, they make the most of their one privilege, to the sore discomfiture of the stranger—loving quietude—who dwells within their gates.

Your chief magistrate, Mayor, or whatever else may be his designation, would presently teach you better manners, O respectable Yarmouth, were you ever to forget yourself to such extent!—but you never will. You have voices, and know how to use them—aye, in mighty volume—what should ail you else? But you do not care to abuse the power, and that makes all the difference.

Yet—would you believe it?—when we have made our boast that neither by people nor rulers would these senseless outcries be tolerated in our own free townships, have not these benighted Veronese moaned in pity over our fettered state? They have—incredible as this may seem to you, ye men of Yarmouth; they are blind enough to view the matter thus, and that's a fact!

For those peculiar passages, the "Rows" then, are the picturesque English chariots you are here to paint constructed; they suit each other to perfection, and long may they sensibly continue to go on together prosperous and harmoniously as now.

Remaining still in the sweet motherland, nay, penetrating into those recesses of our domestic history as a nation, that no stranger, save as he be more than commonly privileged by that adoption of us and ours implied by love for what is best in us, may claim to follow, let us turn to one of the most touching episodes in the home-annals of the bygone year. Calling memory to our aid, let us suppose ourselves to be once again proceeding through that heart-appealing gallery then established at Burlington House, that is to say, for the works of amateurs labouring in a most sacred cause,\* and tell me whether any collection, though it were the most renowned and long-desired of all fair Art's wide-reaching domain, hath ever won from you so much respect as was accorded from your heart of hearts to that exhibition?

For ourselves, we can truly say that many a collection, to the sight of which we had long aspired, and had at length attained—perchance at no small sacrifice, and considerable, yet freely expended, cost—has failed to impress the writer as did that one; its contents offered from the hearts of our highest and noblest to alleviate the necessities of those who had laid the vast offering of their best and dearest on the altar of our common country.

Surely none could examine the closely crowded walls of those numerous chambers without the instant perception and acknowledgment that in these were presented to him something altogether different from the ordinary assemblage of mere artistic efforts, always attractive, and often most admirable as these are. No place for the hard-eyed caviller was here; from the weary hyper-critic in Art we had for that time welcome trace; no cold and harshly judging glance was that bent by the deeply impressed visitor on those gifts of the heart, expanding their bright wealth before his moistened eyes; but on every face might be seen evidence of deeply-moved feeling, and the least impressionable felt himself, at least for that moment, a more sympathising, a gentler, and a better man.

\* I am told that features very finely cut, yet always in manly mould, are by no means rare among this fine race of men, and there is no reason to doubt the truth of that assertion; but I write what I have seen, and as I saw it.

Passing, on a certain occasion, through the rooms, and listening to the kindly remarks of some accomplished foreigners on the exhibition and its objects, the writer was frequently much interested, and always greatly amused by the various "compositions" grouped by them from the figures, and landscapes, or interiors, as the case might be, so richly abounding around us. With this employment they occupied themselves, as the result of a previous disquisition on that unhappy theme, the tendency of our professional artists to do their talents less than justice by the choice of a subject too frequently treated; this question then attracting much attention from the friendly critic and true lover of Art, as it has done in the season of the present year.

Here are some few of the groups or compositions thus formed—so far as memory has retained them. In the first we had the illustration of some well-known stanzas from Bloomfield's "Richard and Kate:" bard, people, and painters, all specially English, seeing that the verses were those that follow, and the peasants were such as make the pride of our fair country, depicted by her Royal Highness the Duchess of Gloucester, the Marchioness of Waterford, Lady Florence Legge, Lady Catherine Allen, and others, the noble maids and matrons of the land; while the site and structures were equally from English pencils—those, if my recollection serve me rightly, of Major Lunard and Mr. Forbes Irvine. The stanzas chosen by our courteous "visitors from afar" were these:—

"Kate viewed her blooming daughters round,  
And sons, who shook her withered hand:  
Her features spoke what joy she found,  
But utterance had made a stand."

"The father's unchecked feelings gave  
A tenderness to all he said:—  
‘My boys, how proud am I to have  
‘My name thus round the country spread!’

"Through all my days I've laboured hard,  
‘And could of pains and crosses tell;  
‘But this is labour's great reward—  
‘To meet you thus, and see you well.’"

Incidents from the poems of Scott and Byron—authors ever highly appreciated by foreigners—were set before us in rich abundance, and with the most life-like effect, by aid of the northern scenery and people, or those of other countries, so abundantly furnished by the pictures before us. Around the Countess of Clarendon's "Cathedral Porch of Ulm" was grouped a melancholy assemblage, in illustration of an event which occurred at that unhappy period when the building, transferred from the Protestant inhabitants, was resigned to those of the Roman faith—but we will not sadden ourselves by the repetition of its details. The great deeds of our early kings, and the martial prowess of those who founded more than one of our proud baronial houses, with the sturdy uprightness of some who, originally belonging to a different degree, had eventually made themselves a name now pre-eminent among the highest, were in like manner pictured to the view—the works of Colonel Forbes giving good aid to the story of our Norman kings. Nor were the acts of noble daring that so finely illustrate the annals of our popular classes forgotten: the sea-pieces of the Countess of Uxbridge, Miss Campbell Robertson, and some others, gave birth to many a story of heroism displayed along our coasts: among the most striking of these was one suggested by that pride of the southern Cymry—the "Pembrokeshire Fisherman" of Lady Catherine Allen; they would lead us beyond the space permitted by my present limits, but are quite too good to be lost, and are but deferred to some more favourable moment.

Almost incredible instances of bravery, and of the still more beautiful fortitude of endurance, were described by an eye-witness of some among them, in relation to incidents connected with the late war; and of these, illustrations were gathered from various points, and most ingeniously arranged for their purpose by these flattering admirers of English "being and doing;" but I borrow a lesson of discretion from Mistress Gilpin, of undying memory, and withhold them—

"Lest all  
Should say that she was proud—"

of the beloved country, that is; and your servant is all the more unwilling to incur such accusation from a kind of consciousness that it could not be successfully repelled; wherefore let us rather take a pic-

ture referring, not to ourselves, but to those of another land; yet one which the artist who loves the ocean or its bold and rocky coasts will do well to rescue from its present condition of non-existence, since it cannot fail, in his hands, to prove a highly efficient work. The subject is a custom, described to the knot of friends then holding colloquy, by one of their number, himself a native of the country where the poetic and touching rites in question are performed; it was suggested by one of the Norwegian flocks, before which the party stood as the speaker proceeded.

"In many of our fishing villages," commenced the animated narrator, "is still maintained the custom of sending forth the fishing barks, as they did of yore the ships of the sea-kings, to the music of a wild chant sung by our women, who assemble on the shore for that purpose, and mingle their voices in lays, which, despite their rudeness, have all the force and fervour of prayer."

"One of your own accomplished countrywomen," continued the speaker, "has rendered these harsh measures into song, that has but the one defect of too elegant a *tournure*—with this exception, the short specimen that will serve our purpose, and which is known to most of us, presents an exact copy of the original rhymes." The verses were then indicated to such as did not know them, and are those that follow: the grouping of the picture was next completed with great spirit from the figures around us—a process carried on much to the gratification of the parties engaged, but which I do not further particularise, leaving you to group your figures after your own liking. But be very certain that a charming picture will be the result, if you prove only half as successful as were the genial amateurs of another land, then rejoicing, like one of ourselves, in the beautiful, and more than beautiful, exhibition of character, no less than of ability, presented to their respect and admiration by the works around us.

The song chanted by these Norwegian sisters, wives, and mothers, I give below. They do not raise it until the last boat is fairly on its way, since it is rather a cry for the return of their beloved than supplication for success. Thus, your barks are all afloat, a scene of life and movement they make—but we remain with the wives and sisters; let us listen to their lay:—

"Come back! come quickly back!  
Brother and sire come home!  
Thus cry your loved ones on your track—  
Husband, and lover, and son—'Come back!'  
Over the surge and foam.

"Come back! come back! safe and loving us still, come back!  
For our hearths are dark, and our souls are drear,  
Till we see the light of your looks draw near.  
"Husband, and lover, and son; brother and sire, come home!  
The breeze has freshened, the sun gone down  
Over the beaten foam.  
"Sorrow and joy are ours, beyond what landsmen share;  
Sorrow in every morn's farewell,  
And joy beyond compare,  
When at eve—all doubt and danger o'er—  
Your boats bring all to the strand once more.  
"Come back! come back! safe and loving us still come back!  
For our hearths are dark, and our souls are drear,  
Till we see the light of your looks draw near."

Other pictures, illustrative of history, poetry, or manners, and chiefly, as has been said, from our own annals or domestic habits, were formed in that suggestive gallery, and in like manner, during the long and pleasant morning in question, but we have not place for more.

Some one says, "But you promised that we should remain at home awhile, and this Norway 'is not in the bond.'"

Well, and thence for you, your honner, Norway is not precisely at home, but neither is it so far off as to be altogether out of sight, in regard to the keeping of our agreement—for, after all, the Norwegians are a kind of cousins to us; or, if you won't admit the kin, they have still a claim, seeing that by them and theirs it was that we were first flogged into shape for making a people. "Flogged," since no milder word can describe the process—scourged rather, and that with a whip of scorpions; but none the less put on the track to become a nation, since it was by them we were compelled to form a navy, as you cannot deny. Admit, then, that in sailing to Norway you are scarcely travelling "that far frae home"; or, if your logical perceptions

seek to convince you that herein is a mere fallacy, bid them carry their subtleties to some other market, and do you begin earnestly to paint me my pictures; not a stroke of your pencil but shall be worth a pocketful of syllogisms, and that you shall see.

Rich coronal of the year's best period, delicious October! Dear to the painter for the gorgeous lustre of her beauty—esteemed of the moralist for the steady rectitude of her character and the evenness of her temper—beloved above all by the traveller for that last quality, seeing that in no English month can he hope for equal consistency of purpose or propriety of deportment—and valued by each and all for many another virtue which need not now be enumerated, the dearly-prized October is preparing to leave us. Woe is me for the symptoms of that coming sorrow—they are not to be mistaken; already has the golden brown of her flowing mantle begun to exhibit the sere and pale yellow that betokens departure: pass some few short fleeting days, and the last of the year's fair daughters shall vanish from your eyes. O brethren of the pallet, even as we mourn, there come the sounds of her footstep, fast hurrying from the vapour breath of her dark kinsmen that are to follow, and leaving a heart forlorn.

Yet not to all will this, the exodus of October, prove a cause of grief: there are to whom the advent of her grim successor will bring the best-loved of their pleasures. Yea, even among the sons of Art shall you find such, for not unknown to that bright band is the lover of the Chase; nor is he always with the herd who "tail off" before "the dogs run into him," as the men who call their scarlet "pink," are pleased to phrase it.

And they don't mean before the dogs "run into" the artist, as the "muffish" fashion of handling their jargon, proper to this poor scribe, would seem to imply: à *Dieu ne plaise!* they mean into the fox, poor fellow—but catch them giving him the good old ancient respectable name of his family! not they, the goosecups! he is Charley, or he is Pug—yet wherefore Pug?—or, worst of all, he is "the villain," though why that last it might puzzle the wisest among them to tell; for if there be villainy in the case, it is rather in the two-legged assailant by whom poor Reineke is driven to his wiles, than in him who is but struggling for dear life. Or admitting that he does trim and take to crooked ways occasionally, is he the only trimmer? and is not any turn permitted if it save his sons from coming to grief for lack of his surveillance?

"His sons are old enough to take care of themselves, and his daughters are well established."

Let it be so, and I rejoice to hear they have been so fortunate, but—

"But! He'll be taking care of your poultry yards, if we don't take care of him."

"Ah thin! and small blame to him, if we leave the door open; 'tis necessary wolves should ate, lave alone foxes. But why would I be talking rason to a fox-hunter, when he'd rather be hearing what he calls music—maning, dogs that bark?"

"He might do worse," some one says. Well, he might! murder and arson to wit; or he might be given to the cold and cruel baseness of the turf and gaming-table—black as either fire-raising or murder. So, if we can't give the best of our heart's cordiality to those who thus misappropriate too much of their time, yet, for the love of certain traits that embellish the character of the true sportsman, still more for that of some who love the hunting-field, if not "wisely," yet but only a very little "too well," do we at this season listen with patience, if not with warm sympathy, to the gladsome anticipations now succeeding, to talk of the moors, the partridges, *et id genus omne*. Nay, further, as eels get to love being flayed, so do we begin to find the theme not so much out of place when November—but for this resource a repellent member of the family of months—has brought his lowering face to the homestead.

For the sake of some among your painting fraternity, past and present, then,—their names will not be slow to present themselves,—let us turn to certain passages in the lives of mighty hunters—no lack of such in our frank land of sylvan as well as all other fame: yet, remembering that high authority who saith—

"Home-keeping youths have ever homely wits,"

suppose we first look elsewhere, and take pallet in hand for other times as well as other countries?

You have not now to learn how Gaston—third of that name—the Viscount of Bearn and Count of Foix, was called Gaston Phœbus, chiefly because he was a mighty hunter, as it suits us to believe; certainly because he did without doubt rival Apollo in the beauty of his person if not in the use of the bow, and not, as learned folks, who love to spoil sport, will have it, because he had chosen the sun for his device. The first two reasons are good enough for us, and shall suffice for our purpose.

You know, too, how unfortunate Gaston was in his connexion with that worthless Frenchman, Charles of Navarre, called deservedly Charles the Bad, whose sister he married, and who subsequently caused the son of Gaston unwittingly to attempt his father's life. For the miscreant Charles persuades his sister that a certain powder which he brings her will secure the return of her husband's affection, falsely declared by him to be estranged from her. This then the countess encloses in a small purse, and suspends around the neck of her son, then on the point of returning to his father from the court of Charles, where she was herself residing—enjoining the youth to mingle the contents secretly with his father's wine, that so the love of the count might return to them both.

This moment in the life of the unhappy countess would scarcely disappoint the hopes of him who should choose it for his subject, if treated ably; but we leave it, and pass to others.

The poison is discovered by Gaston Phœbus, who takes the purse from his son's neck as he sits at the banquet with his great vassals: and calling to him a dog, gives him a portion thereof, when the animal dies instantly, and the nature of the powder becomes apparent to all.

Placed in durance, the boy will not criminate his mother, and resolves to starve himself in the chamber that serves as his prison. He conceals his purpose so well, by casting his food from the window, and by the help of a dog, that he is all but dying when the attendants discover it, and make the facts known to his father. Gaston at once repairs to the apartment of the captive, with severity in his aspect, but deep grief in his heart; the boy advances to throw himself at his father's feet—perhaps to confess the truth. But Gaston extends a hand to prevent him, and in his haste to examine the features of his child for that change which had alarmed the attendants, must needs have forgotten the small penknife which he was using when summoned by his servants, and which, in his agitation, he had neglected to lay from his hand.

Thus only can what then happened be accounted for, since all that is known of the matter goes to prove that in this act the point of the knife must have entered the throat of the boy. Yet so slight was the puncture, that at the time it passed unnoticed—no one, perhaps not the young prisoner himself, was aware of the circumstance; and his father, after remonstrance and exhortation to better purposes, left the youth to his reflections. But not many hours had passed before Gaston Phœbus received the terrible intelligence that his son—the only one his wife had given him—was dying from loss of blood. Weakened by his previous abstinence, the slight incision, then only discovered, had sufficed to exhaust his remaining strength, and the boy was dead before his unhappy father again reached his prison. From the effects of this calamity Gaston Phœbus never entirely recovered.

These things are known to all, and few will have forgotten that among the learned men—very rare in that day—entertained by the Count de Foix at his court, was the chronicler, Messe Jehan Froissart, from whose enchanting pages it is that what you here find is gathered.

The name of Raymond de Corasse, another favoured baron and frequent guest of Gaston Phœbus, will also be familiar to most readers; but what may possibly have escaped your notice, is the fact that this baron had a familiar Spirit, who, offended by some act of indiscretion on the part of De Corasse, forsook the castle of that feudatory for the neighbouring woods, where the previously gentle and friendly sprite subsequently appeared in the form of a wild boar, exhibiting more than common ferocity. Now, in that day, none would presume to harbour the shadow of a doubt

touching the personal identity of the spirit and the boar—neither are you permitted to do so in this present year of grace, though it do call itself eighteen hundred and fifty-six; seeing that for all the pictures you have already in thought commenced, or presently shall begin, as relating to these matters, you have the sanction of that "learned clerk," the delightful Messire Jehan aforesaid. His sanction for the fact that such things were *told*, that is to say—for his credence of all the marvels related, we do not vouch, nor does the question greatly concern us.

Thus, then, the story goes. Raymond de Corasse died, declining from the day of his familiar's departure, and expiring before the completion of the year: some time after, it chanced that the brother of Gaston Phœbus, Peter of Bearn,—whose lady-wife, the Countess Florence of Biscay, sister to Peter the Cruel, did herself relate the particulars to Froissart,—set forth to hunt this boar,\* who had terrified his huntsmen by turning round upon them with fierce remonstrance, when too closely pressed by their dogs. But Peter de Bearn said, "Let the Boar talk at his pleasure; we are no babes to be baffled by words," and accordingly he was not to be entreated from hunting this boar as above said.

Many hounds and not a few horses died in that encounter, but Messire Peter finally prevailed, he bore home the carcass of the boar in triumph; but every night thereafter was he found, by his terrified servants, uttering fearful cries, making a furious attack on the figures of the tapestry that adorned his chamber, and plunging the Bordeaux blade, wherewith he had finished the boar, into each and all, because persuaded that each in turn was the very boar in person.

This continued, and he could obtain no rest, until a certain monk from Pampeluna, well skilled in the exorcism of spirits, had performed many and potent ceremonies for his behoof.

Thus you may paint Messire Peter, if it so please you, as follows, for therein shall you not depart from historic truth. He has fasted through nine successive days, he and all in his castle, the learned monk not excepted. You now have him walking with his servitors in long procession, to the chapel of Our Lady in the Woods; on his person the proud knight bears no other garment than the short and scanty cassock of penitence, in common parlance called a shirt; barefoot, with uncovered head, and downcast features, he follows humbly after the monk of Pampeluna, a lighted taper now occupying the hand that most commonly bears more formidable weapons. The vassals of Messire Peter are also barefoot, but are else clothed in their ordinary garments, as being less guilty than their lord, by whom they had indeed been compelled reluctantly to enter on that forbidden chase.

All these things were recalled to the recollection of Gaston Phœbus by friends and servants, when his huntsmen reported that the same boar—again in life, notwithstanding the prowess and the penitence of his brother, Messire Peter—was then ravaging the woods of Sauve-Terre. Yet was he not to be deterred from attempting the chase, and on the following day he too went forth with that intent, accompanied by Froissart himself, and by many others, his kinsmen, guests, and nobles.

Five hours the chase proceeded happily; fresh horses were then mounted, and for three hours more the company kept well together. A new pack was then uncoupled, and with these, Gaston Phœbus, with Froissart and some others, continued the chase, but gradually the hunters fall off, Gaston alone cheers on the dogs, and of these few now remain. At length his four staunch bloodhounds, brought at his command by their trembling keepers, alone pursue the boar; twilight succeeds, and even they come trailing on exhausted, and uttering a melancholy howl. But the voice of their master arouses them, they resume the track until darkness shows them the eyes of the animal, ominously casting a lurid light on the else invisible path he pursues. Three of their number then refuse to follow, one dog only now accompanies Gaston Phœbus, and the boar has turned to face him. Boldly the faithful Brux springs onward, but at the moment when his jaws seem fastening on the bristling hide, the wild boar has vanished with an unearthly cry, and the count's

horse sinks beneath him. Freeing himself swiftly from the fallen animal, Gaston Phœbus draws his hanger, and hurries to the point where he had beheld the red eyes of the boar flaming beneath a huge tree, unable to persuade himself that the disappearance he had witnessed could be real; but he finds nothing save his hound, whining mournfully and shaking with terror. Encouraging the faithful creature as he best might, Gaston Phœbus laid himself by his horse to take some rest; the trembling Brux crept close beside him. After a time the count rose to seek shelter, or perhaps only seemed to do so—for there are not wanting persons claiming to be wiser than their fellows, who affect to believe what follows a mere vision; for myself I incline to think—but no matter, permit the chronicler to proceed.

The count rose from his rest, then, in the dark and silent forest, and after long wandering, perceived a castle, whose appearance was not familiar to him. This caused him no little surprise, since he was not so far from his own abode of Orthez but that every castle should have been well known to him. Hewound a blast on his horn nevertheless, and the drawbridge being lowered, although no warden appeared, Count Gaston passed across. Yet it was long before he could embolden his hound to follow his example, and not until he had been thrice summoned, did the usually obedient Brux cross the moat.

Astonished that no officers of the household appeared to receive him, no pages and no valets to give the due attendance, Gaston Phœbus was yet further amazed by the strange fact that his footstep awoke no echo, nor did sound of any kind meet his ear. One solitary lamp shone in the distance, and approaching this by a long corridor, Count Gaston perceived it to light a broad staircase, up which he took his way, and at the summit thereof beheld, stretching before him, the ample space of a banqueting hall, with the table spread, but no hospitable castellan to receive the guest.

Reluctantly the hound had followed, but he was there, and Gaston Phœbus was conscious to a sense of relief and comfort as Brux took a place at his feet, when he had assumed the chair of state prepared for his use. A silver whistle lay upon the table, and taking this, he blew the same to summon squire and page with water for his hands. Then the tapestry covering a door at the farther end of the apartment was lifted slow, and as it rose the hound set up a mournful howl. A figure was now seen to draw near through the dim obscurity of the chamber, but faintly lighted by a lamp suspended from the roof; yet was no sound of footstep audible, and the dog, desisting from his plaintive cry, began to tremble in every limb.

Slowly did that form approach the table, and a strange suspicion seized Count Gaston; a few more awful moments and that dread conjecture became conviction. The silent shape was too surely that of his buried child, and the heart of the brave man quailed before it, even though his conscience could not reproach him with wrong done. Gaston held forth his hands nevertheless; he stretched them over the basin presented for his use: that spectral form held the ewer aloft, and as the appearance of water fell on him, a sense, as of heavenly blessedness, seemed to pervade his whole being: a something whispered, yet it was not the voice of his son, for the shadowy form uttered no sound; yet a perception was conveyed to him that the child had obtained permission from heaven to wash his innocently shed blood from the father's hand; the last sensation of Gaston, as he sank lifeless from his chair, was one of infinite consolation—his child had brought him forgiveness.

Many pictures, and those of varied character, present their changeful hues as this page of old tradition unfolds its revelations; the different moments to be treated must be left to the choice of the artist.

But in all this there is little of hunting, as we have it practised in that genial home of the science, an English hunting field, will some one say; and there is no denying that a day with the Quorn, the Cottesmore, or the Pytchely, will have more charms for him whose enviable lot—as a hunting-man—is cast in those brilliant lines: nay, the doings of what your Leicestershire "Cut-me-downs" are pleased to call that "slow" shire, which takes pride in the Vine and the Tidworth, would be more germane to the matter, so far as hunting in England is con-

cerned; but with what hope may the uninitiated venture to approach that theme? how attempt to fathom those mysteries, which, if you listen to hunting-men, would seem to render horsemanship and hunting more impenetrable, to all save themselves, than are the riddles of the Sphinx? No, the adventure is all too mighty, it demands more daring than has fallen to the lot of the present writer: your brethren, who mount the scarlet, are alone competent to depict the hunting-field, and to them we leave it.

#### ARTISTS' COMPETITIONS, AND THE PALACE OF ADMINISTRATION.

At length, probably, steps will be taken to remove one source of inconvenience and extravagance as to the manner of conducting the business of the government offices. People of average intelligence had been long wondering at the system of housing the public departments in various structures originally planned as dwelling-houses—far apart from one another, and entailing enormous outlay in rents, and repairs, and alterations of fixtures. The pecuniary injury from the mere separation of departments, and disorganisation of books and papers in the frequent removals, must, during very few years, have alone cost the country as much as any expenditure upon the structure and decoration of one adequate group of buildings would have done. Moreover, as to money voted for public works, the waste which there has been,—sometimes by what is falsely called economy, sometimes through changes of plan, and pulling down and rebuilding,—has painfully obtruded itself upon the notice of those who appreciate the material value of Art somewhat better than the British Government has hitherto appreciated it. For, in architecture, the requirements of structure and convenience, and the call for Art, are contemporaneous,—that is to say—beyond the operation of any subtle influence of fitness upon decoration—it singularly happens that what is favourable to success in the one object, is ever correspondent with the course which should be taken for the other.

There are two points, however, of which there has long been—and, we are compelled to say, looking at the character of our streets and public works, *still is*—extraordinary want of perception amongst our governing classes: the first point being the fact that the value of mere Art is such as would demand expenditure upon its sole account; and the second point, that where a structure is required, grand architectural effect may be produced with little addition to expense,—if, indeed, the proportion which even elaborate decoration would bear to the whole cost, might not be always of inappreciable magnitude.

But, whilst ornament alone does not realise good architecture, it should be recollected that the union of many branches of Art is required for the highest architectural effect; and those branches, especially sculpture, it may be hoped will be largely brought into play in the Palace of Administration which the Government are projecting.

This building, or rather group of buildings, it is intended should ultimately occupy the large area including the site of the present Treasury buildings, the ground southward to St. George Street, between St. James's Park and Parliament Street, and that east of Parliament Street from Richmond Mews to Bridge Street, and inclusive of a portion to be reclaimed by embankment from the river; and the instructions have been issued preparatory to a competition amongst English and foreign architects. Certain proposed instructions were submitted by Sir Benjamin Hall to a number of architects, who were called together some time since; and premiums are now offered, amounting in the aggregate to £5000. These premiums are arranged in three classes, indicating those portions of the project to be first undertaken—viz., for designs for the Foreign-Office and the War-Office, in each case, seven premiums—one of £800, one of £500, one of £300, one of £200, and three of £100; and for a general "block and plan," treating the whole area noticed above, and having regard to the improvement of the leading thoroughfares, including Westminster Bridge, whether on its present or some other site, three pre-

\* Or, as elsewhere we have it, a wild sow.

miums—one of £500, one of £200, and one of £100; such designs being required to be sent in not later than the twentieth day of March next. It is proposed to leave the amount of expenditure to the competitors, as well as the style of the buildings; and a mixed jury of professional men and amateurs, and the exhibition of all the designs in Westminster Hall, prior to the decision, are amongst the other features of the scheme.

The actual instructions do not materially differ from those which were laid before the architects who were summoned—on which occasion, indeed, they seemed to have been presented as decided upon, rather than as the subject for consideration. Taking them as so presented, then, it does seem to have been unnecessary to call architects together; and it seems most unwise to receive none of those opinions upon the working of competitions in relation to Art which each architect, in his experience, has been able to form. Limited in proportion to the general question of competition in Art as such experience of individuals must be, the opinions referred to form both the chief and the essential *data* upon which the scheme of a competition should be based. Can it be possible for any individual not familiar with the history and practice of architects' and sculptors' competitions, to know the enormous amount of labour and money which must be given by the competitors, and how insignificant in proportion to it is the largest premium which can be offered; or to know the difficulties which beset the framing of instructions; or of obtaining, even from honourable men, an equitable judgment—in short, to know how prejudicial to the object of the competition, to general Art, and even to morals, is the practice which in varied forms now obtains. On the acceptance of competitions as a principle, we offer no present opinion; it may be consistent with the doctrine of political economy not to ignore it, and to that doctrine we will not for a moment make exception. All that we remark is that, in trade, competition has yet to be made to operate to the precise advantage which it is said to involve. To our unlearned judgment it would seem that the whole point as to competition hangs upon the assumed equality of the articles, where the competition is one of price, or the precise relative value of the articles in other cases. Everything, therefore, implies the capability of the consumer to judge. Were this a matter so easy as the doctrine of political economists would imply, no further trouble would there be about the *adulteration of food*. The public do not possess the capacity for judging.

The remedy may be discovered: we only say that it must be found,—to allow of the operation of the supposed beneficial principle of competition. Now, as to artists' competitions, there is no material difference here from the case of competitions in articles of food—or rather, we believe, that in the case of architects' competitions, the perception of relative merits is attended with extraordinary difficulty. That the most fortuitous combination of knowledge and acquirements is necessary in the architect, we need not here observe; and to secure this in the judges, along with freedom from bias, and judicial ability—along with the devotion of the enormous time required to examine properly hundreds, or perhaps thousands, of drawings, and sheets of description,—from their form as well as their number most inconvenient of examination,—is what we believe has never been accomplished in any case. We can understand it might be maintained that after all possible improvement, a perfect system could not be reached, and that architects themselves might prefer to accept the balance of the situation. Our point, however, is that such amendment *has to be* made. At present a mass of competitors give of their time and money largely, for no benefit to themselves. True, if there were always a public exhibition, and open during a proper length of time, benefit to many deserving competitors would eventually result, and great advantage from the comparison of ideas would accrue to the whole number of artists and competitors; and some of these latter points have been adverted to in the *Builder*, in the course of a recent review of drawings which were sent in for proposed barracks, &c.; and in the same journal it was suggested that it would be desirable, and a thing due, to lithograph the designs, or the bulk of them, and present copies to each competitor,—and something of this sort, we hope, will be taken into consideration in the case

of the competitions which we have in this notice more particularly had in view. But, there are many other points which, in justice to competitors, and for the successful result of the competition in every respect, should be considered; and we discover no adequate desire to get, as to such points, the views of those whose attention has been most directed to them,—those individuals being not necessarily the *older* members of the profession.

Reconsideration of the proposed instructions as to the Palace of Administration is, we think, absolutely necessary. The time allowed for the preparation of the general *design*—for such it must be, and more than a “block plan”—is manifestly too short; and it seems a singularly illogical and ill-advised proceeding to ask for complete designs for the War-Office and Foreign-Office, proposed to be placed between Downing Street and Charles Street, or at one corner of the whole ground, at the same time as the “block plan,” or before the latter has been considered and decided upon. As to the admission of foreign competitors, we will make no observation, further than that the idea seems based on the assumption that English architects are inferior to those of the Continent. We need not defend our countrymen more than by reminding all who are interested in the question, how much the architect's work is necessarily dependent upon the manner in which the architect is employed; and in this particular, the contrast between the public works of England and the Continent is unfortunately very great. There are towns in England, however, where private patronage is exercised intelligently, and without undue restriction and interference, and where the Art of Architecture could lay claim to high national distinction.

The importance of the whole subject of competitions was never so great as it is at this juncture. The present case is the forerunner of others, in which Government will make or mar the Art of Architecture—now, in spite of all disadvantages, in no hopeless state in the country, and it will become the precedent for private companies and corporations.

#### CORRESPONDENCE FROM THE UNITED STATES.

##### HISTORY OF ART IN BOSTON.

DEAR SIR,—I have spoken of our three great Atlantic cities—New York, Philadelphia, and Boston—as the Art centres in the United States, towards which all the talent of the land converges for development, or whence it radiates for employment. Of these three, Boston—in whose nursing arms much of the civilisation of the New World—its sturdiest populations, wealth, activity, and intelligence, grew up—was once the chief. Sole oracle in every matter of taste and opinion, she drew to herself all intellectual capacity in search of recognition or approval: to her came the foreign artist, venturing westward in quest of fortune; and the native tyro, eager to try his young wings.

Excepting only a Scotch portrait-painter, John Watson, who established himself at Perth Amboy in New Jersey, in 1715, the first artists in America, of whom we have any memory, lived and laboured in Boston. These pioneers were of course from beyond seas—from your own English shores—and we have a grateful remembrance of your good timely help, though it was really so slight that, with our first native effort, it was no longer needed; and though we have since repaid you a thousand-fold—sending you, for your Watsons and others for whom you cared not, our Wests, and Copleys, and Leslies, and Newtons, whom you delight to honour.

The first and best of these early painters, whose brief and humble history makes the initial chapter in the story of American Art—the scene laid here, in Boston—was John Snybert, who accompanied Bishop Berkeley, with the “course of empire,” westward in 1728. In a picture of his, representing the landing of his patron's party, we have our first historical canvas—the first, at least, ever executed here in which there is more than a single figure. Snybert, though a man of only moderate ability, did more than merely supply the demand for Art-production in his day. He left

behind him, as none other of his fellows did, an influence which worked for good in the professional education of those who came after him. In his pictures there were incentives and examples to Copley, Trumbrell, Stuart, and Allston. “I am,” said Allston once of a copy of a *Vandyke* by Snybert, “grateful for the instruction it has given me.” Trumbrell, when he left the revolutionary army in 1786, set up his easel in Snybert's apartments, in which there were still many of his pictures. Snybert is referred to by Walpole, in his “Anecdotes,” as a modest man, earnestly and sincerely devoted to his art.

Snybert's most skilful colleagues in the immortalising of the magnates and the beauties of his time was a Mr. Blackburn and others, in Boston; Mr. Watson (already mentioned), in New Jersey; Williams, in Philadelphia (gratefully remembered, for his counsel and encouragement, by West); Feks, Green, and others, in Pennsylvania and Newport; and Theus, of Charleston, in South Carolina.

At a somewhat later period, the art of engraving was practised in Boston, for the first time in America, in the hands of Nathaniel Hurd (1764), of Paul Revers, and of Amos Doolittle (1771). Doolittle did the earliest American historical plate, in a picture of the “Battle of Concord.”

This little band, few and feeble, of missionaries from afar was immediately succeeded by a sturdy native *troupe*, in whose genius American Art sprung with a bound into Pallas-like life and strength. Of this second chapter Boston is still the theatre. It begins—and certainly it is a brave beginning—with the lives and works of Stuart, and Trumbrell, and Copley, in Boston; supported by West, in Philadelphia, and by Peale, in Maryland. Of these men but little is left for us to say here, after all which is familiar to all of them and of their genius. Of two of them, indeed (West and Copley), more should be known to you than to us, since from their early and unbroken association with British Art, they belong more to England than to America. To Trumbrell the nation owes the embodiment of many of the chiefest scenes and incidents in its history, and the artists many invaluable and enduring examples and touchings. The works of Gilbert Stuart, while they illuminate the past, serve equally as priceless lights to the future. Peale (Charles Wilson) will be ever gratefully remembered for his professional labours, and still more for those many accessory toils in which his active spirit and his Art-love kept him unceasingly employed. It is to his industry and enterprise that we owe our Museum Collections, and perhaps our Art-Academies. Certainly the first efforts to supply schools for the study of the antique and the living model were made by him, though his ventures were lost—all for the very simple and natural want of students to use them! Still it was the bread, no doubt, which he thus and then cast upon the waters that we are now eating after many days.

Ending here this hasty mention of the second period in the history of American Art, we come—still partly in Boston—to the third; and thence, so insensibly to the fourth and last, that it is difficult to make the dividing line. To this division there may be set down (though many, indeed most of them, are still living and toiling) Harding, Alexander, Fisher, Allston, Frothingham, Greenough, and King, in Boston—leaving Leslie and Stuart Newton to your London muster-roll; Sully and Peale, in Philadelphia; and Durand, Inman, Merriam, Vanderlyn, Ingham, Cummings, Dunlop, Weis, Cole, and others in New York. The fourth or present period, the scene now quite removed to New York and Philadelphia, is too long in names of repute and promise for more than reference at this time—so the chapter must come in by and by. I have linked these names, not as peers in professional skill, but as fellow-workers, all labouring in the measure of their strength, and for such labour gratefully remembered and honoured.

Of the Boston painters of this period, Chester Harding and Francis Alexander are still actively occupied, after a long and most successful service, in portraiture; so Alvan Fisher, in landscape. Charles B. King, whom I should have mentioned in my last letter from Rhode Island, is a native of Newport, in that State. His early life was passed in Boston, but he has for many years past been popularly and fashionably employed as a sort of court-painter in

Washington. Frothingham, born near Boston, and long practising his art there, has been for years past a resident of the vicinity of Newport. Horatio Greenough, one of the most eminent of our sculptors, and the first whose genius was given to the glory of the national fame in Art, was born in Boston in 1805, and here too he died only a year or two since. His "Chanting Cherubs,"—executed to the generous and appreciative order of the novelist, Fenimore Cooper,—apart from its intrinsic worth, is most interesting as the first original group from an American chisel. "Greenough," says Emerson, in his "English Tracts," "was a superior man—ardent and eloquent, and all his opinions had elevation and magnanimity."

Allston, in popular esteem the greatest among our painters, was a native of Carolina; but the glory of his professional achievements belongs to Boston, where he passed his life. It was his fame alone which for years kept up the old Art-reputation of his adopted city, in rivalry with its own decay and the growing renown of Philadelphia, and more especially of New York; and when he died, Boston ceased to be—in respect to the numbers and genius of her painters, at least—the "Athens of America." Let her people see to it, that her proud boast be not forfeited for ever, or that it shall belong only to a brilliant past. Let them set generously and earnestly to work, to discover the smouldering embers of Art-life on their ancient hearths, and to fan them into the glowing vitality which is now stifled by neglect alone.

The universal complaint of the Boston painters at the present moment is, that Art is dead, or dying in their midst; and that the people do not know or care what they are about. Half of them are sighing for a more genial and appreciative home; and not a few have lately removed, much to their advantage, to New York, or to other cities. This depressing state of affairs you must not imagine to be the fault of the painters themselves: on the contrary, they are a young, and gifted, and earnest, and brave brotherhood, labouring and waiting patiently and manfully. Among them there are at least half-a-dozen excellent landscapists who, however successful they may be, will never reach the full development of their powers in the stultifying influences of the aesthetic east wind which now surrounds them. In the studio of a crayon-artist here, I have just seen some female heads of wonderful refinement and subtlety of feeling. And yet I am told that his sitter's chair is not half occupied—even at half the price for which it would be eagerly sought elsewhere.

Some seven or eight years ago, there existed here a society called the "Boston Artists' Association," to which the public was indebted for the new pictures which each season gave life to the old exhibitions of the Athenaeum. This good office is now done by a smaller and quite informal organisation known as the "Artists' Club." It is the only Art-society proper, of which the city can boast. The Annual Exhibition by this association of current works, got up as usual in connection with the permanent Gallery of the Athenaeum, is a very interesting display. The Athenaeum is an ancient and well-to-do establishment, occupying a large and imposing edifice, with a creditable library and reading-rooms, a good collection of statuary and casts below stairs, and well-appointed exhibition galleries above. Among the pictures in the possession of the "Athenaeum" is Trumbell's "Sortie of Gibraltar," and his "Priam receiving the dead Body of Hector;" one or two Allstons; portraits of Webster and others, by Chester Harding; Stuart's original study for his portrait of Washington, and of Mrs. Washington, with other works; Ary Scheffer's "Count of Wirtemberg lamenting over the dead Body of his Child;" pictures by Sully, Copley, Rembrandt, Peale, Leslie, Neagle, Weir,—together with a Titian, a Poussin, an Andrea del Sarto, a Velasquez, and sundry old masters more or less aged. Among the pictures indefinitely "loaned" to the gallery are the five grand landscapes by Cole, representing the "Course of Empire"—first in the savage, and then in the Arcadian or pastoral state; then the commencement and the glory of empire, and finally its destruction and desolation; numerous works, poetic, historic, and landscapes, by Allston, among them the grand "Belshazzar's Feast," which, after nearly thirty years of occasional labour, he left at last quite unfinished.

This bold work the artist faced with the encouragement of a commission of ten thousand dollars, subscribed equally by ten or more gentlemen of Boston. He could not possibly have undertaken it at the time he did without such certainty of sale; for, at that period, no artist could provide bread for himself by painting works of the imagination alone. Once when I was alluding to this fact, à propos of a mention of Allston,—"Yes," replied my friend, "most true! Indeed, Allston himself may be said to have lived for a quarter of a century on 'Belshazzar's Feast'!"

But, returning to my catalogue, I should mention among the loans, indefinitely or for the season, the fine picture of the "Chorister's Consolation," and the "Dante and Beatrice" of Ary Scheffer; a portrait by Stuart Newton; some pictures of horses, by Rosa Bonheur; "Love's Torch quenched," from the pencil of Angelica Kauffman; Sant's "Fortuneteller," among the last year's prizes of your London Art-Union; two pictures by Toermes, a German; a "Stable Scene" by your own Herring; something of Claude, of Carlo Dolce, of Teniers, of Gerard Dow, of Canaletti, and of Greuze.

The artists of New York and other cities contribute liberally to the Exhibition, their works making one of its especial features. This contingent includes characteristic and clever examples of Lilly, M. Spencer, Huntington, Gray, Chapman, Rosati, Page, Cropsey, Kensell, Church, W. Hart, A. D. Shattuck, Edwin White, Edmonds, E. D. E. Greene, A. F. Tait, G. L. Brown, F. B. Carpenter, Paul Webber, Terry, Samuel Laurence, Vincent Colyer, W. H. Hays, W. Heins, Durley, Stillman, Gijnoux, Boutelle, and Johnston.

The Boston painters are themselves nearly all fairly and well represented on the walls:—Chamney, Gay, Gerry, Williams, and Frost, in landscape; and Pope, Amet, Hoyt, Ordway, Childs, Wight, Willard, Hartwell, Hinckley, and Wilson, in figures and portrait.

In the statuary hall of the Athenaeum there are numerous works of Greenough, statues, busts, and bas-reliefs; a bust of Webster, by Powers; the "Orpheus," and the "Hebe," and "Ganymede," of Crawford; "Avengers," Allston; Bull Hughes' "Uncle Toby and the Widow Wadman;" Stephenson's "Dying Indian;" Mackett's "Shipwrecked Mother and Child;" a cast of the statue of Marshall's "First Whisper of Love," lately presented to the Athenaeum by the London Art-Union; a statue of the late Judge Story, by his son; some originals and copies of Canova; and numerous casts from the antique. Most of the works I have mentioned here are originals, in marble. Many of the sculptors are natives of Boston, the city taking better care of that art than of painting—very possibly because the "marble people" live abroad, and are thus invested, or are so supposed to be, by that prestige of foreign approval, so acceptable to our people in their characteristic respect for authority. This same humour of deference to venerable opinion has sorely afflicted Boston from the earliest antiquity until now with the old-master mania. The private galleries are stifled with their blackness of darkness, with here and there, of course, a ray of purest light. American Art is not as much in vogue here as in other places, since Boston holds yet to the exploded fancy that "nothing good grows in Nazareth;" nothing—unless it be the exception which I have already made, of sculpture. In this department, perhaps, the city may regain its old Athenian repute; for next week famous honours are to celebrate the erection in its streets of a colossal bronze statue of "Franklin," modelled by Henry Greenough, a brother of the late sculptor Horatio. And the people are seriously thinking of persuading Mr. Crawford (already occupied with extensive commissions from the national Government, and from Virginia) to make a colossal equestrian statue ("on horseback" one of the Boston papers says), to embellish their beautiful "common." In addition to all this, they are speedily expecting the arrival of a grand bronze statue of Webster, which they some time ago entrusted to the genius of Mr. Powers.

I have reminded you before of our remarkable achievements in this high art, and the symptoms of a marble and bronze epidemic, not in Boston alone, but the land over, are daily increasing. There is in statuary a tangible actuality and substance which suits our love of the real, and in which we can see,

in a degree, the "worth of our money." Luckily, the good taste of our people in this regard, and the true genius of our sculptors, assure us that it will be in any case "all right."

I shall, at some more fitting time, tell you of Boston as the heart of our chief manufacturing interest; of the great mills of Lowell, of Lawrence, of Manchester, and of many other surrounding hurly-burly of ingenuity and industry. In a few days they will speak for themselves in the annual display of the Massachusetts, Charitable Mechanics' Institution, now on the eve of its Eighth Annual Exhibition. This fair, and similar ones in New York and other cities, are always very successful in the arrangements and in the results. As a means of instruction and development in Manufacturing-Art they are becoming a very important power.

T. A. R.  
Boston, Massachusetts, September 8, 1856.

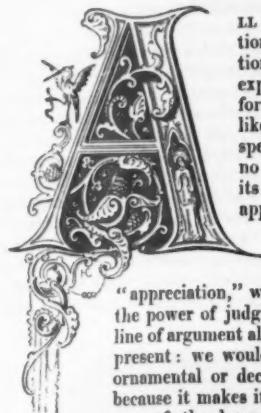
## ART IN CONTINENTAL STATES.

PARIS.—Death has recently taken from us two artists of considerable talents, though in different styles of art—Theodore Chassériau, born in Samana (Spanish America), of French parents, died at the early age of thirty-eight; he was a painter of distinguished merit, and has executed many large government works, amongst which the principal are in the *Palais du Conseil d'Etat*, *Quai d'Orsay*, and the cupola of the Church of *St. Philippe du Roule*; his finest picture in the grand Exhibition was "The Defence of the Gauls under Vercingetorix." This artist began in the style of his master, Ingres, and like him, painted particularly cold and colourless. Of late years he made a most remarkable change in his style, imitating De la Croix rather than his first master, which is the more remarkable, the styles of the two being the extremes. He was a young man of much promise, of great urbanity and kindness, and will be regretted by all who knew him, or had any dealings with him.—The other artist deceased was Jaque Christopher Werner, painter to the Museum of Natural History at the *Jardin des Plantes*, a man of considerable talent, and also much esteemed by his contemporaries: he died at the age of fifty-eight.—The provincial museums continue to be enriched by the various contributions of the vast resources of the Louvre; these mines of pictorial wealth seem inexhaustible!—A fine copy of the "Descent from the Cross," by M. Maudron, has been placed in the Church of *St. Gervais*; it is beautifully executed.—The *Château de Blois* is at present under restoration, and advances rapidly.—M. De Bay, senior, Conservator of Antiques at the Louvre, has received from the King of the Belgians the decoration of his order.—A statue by Etex has been erected at *Lons-le-Saulnier*, to the memory of General Lecourbe: it is colossal, and in bronze.—An exhibition of works of Art is decided upon for next year; it is intimated that it will take place in the Industrial Palace, *Champs-Élysées*, the upper part of which will be suitably arranged for the display of the contributions: it is to open on the 15th of May, and to close on the 15th of July.—A statue of Jeanne d'Arc, by M. E. Paul, has been temporarily placed in the *Champs-Élysées*.

BROTHERHOOD IN ART.—A proposal was issued from Düsseldorf last August, signed by most of the distinguished artists resident at that place—as Lessing, Hess, Michelin, the two Achenbachs, Krause, Volkhardt, and others, inviting a general convention of German artists, to be held at Bingen on the Rhine, with a view to the establishment of friendly intercourse and mutual acquaintance. We have not heard the result of the proposal, but it was very favourably received. Invitations were sent to and accepted by King Louis of Bavaria, and Prince Frederick of Prussia. What a contrast this presents to the condition of Art-society in our own country! Certainly the artists of no other nation are so divided among themselves as the members of our school. The establishment of provincial meetings for social intercourse has often been attempted, but the results have always been miserable failures. Upon every occasion of so-called social assemblage at which we have ever been present, whether it be dinner, *soirée*, or business-meeting, Trafalgar Square does not recognise Suffolk Street, or Langham Place; and between Pall-Mall and Pall-Mall East there is little intercourse. We cannot imagine such a thing as social intercourse between members of our different institutions, and yet why should it not be? why should jealousy or presumed position continue to separate them?

BRITISH ARTISTS:  
THEIR STYLE AND CHARACTER.  
WITH ENGRAVED ILLUSTRATIONS.

NO. XX.—FRANK STONE, A.R.A.



THE pleasure one receives from the contemplation of work of Art is derivable from its association in the mind with our ideas of the true, or the expressive, or the beautiful, either in sentiment, form, action, colour, or in all these united. Art, like speech, is the expression of thought; but speech falls inaudible upon the deaf ear, and finds no sympathy in the heart that echoes not back its meaning—is not responsive to it: so Art is appreciated only by those who feel its awakening influences, but only in such a manner, or in such points, as commend themselves to the taste and feeling. In using here the term "appreciation," we would entirely disconnect its meaning from the power of judging of matters of Art; this opens up another line of argument altogether, which we do not care to enter upon at present: we would simply infer that a picture, a statue, or any ornamental or decorative object which affords pleasure, does so because it makes its appeal successfully to the mind, and, in the case of the learned, to the understanding also. Yet even in instances of the latter how different are the opinions entertained! one man admires a Raffaelle, and sees nothing he considers worthy of regard in a Teniers

or a Metzu; another man hangs his room with pictures of the Dutch and Flemish school, and is wholly indifferent to the finest productions of the Italian masters. Some are delighted with bold, striking, and sublime subjects; others with what is suggestive of beauty and repose: the eye of each being satisfied with the element or quality of excellence which best agrees with his spirit or taste—taste being, in its primary considerations, the result of feeling. A recent American writer thus describes the operations of Taste on minds differently constituted, or rather, it should be said, on minds comparatively ignorant of the truths of Art, and on those who have been educated in them:—"There is no more certain test of good taste than the involuntary selection of subjects by the eye on viewing for the first time ornament in objects of Art. Nature works on so large or true a scale that few judge her amiss. That which is majestic, noble, picturesque, or simply beautiful as a whole, classes itself at once in all minds, and the fact of a common decision on these points demonstrates the genuineness of the laws of Taste. The common mind differs from the cultivated in its knowledge and appreciation of Nature's beauty in detail. The former sees only partially; the latter grasps the whole, and distinguishes the parts; nothing, however humble, which goes to make up the chord of beauty, escapes its notice. Where the appreciation of the one ends, the pleasure of the other is but begun; so that his delight is as true and intense as Nature herself. The natural eye, therefore, sees all things as in a glass darkly—the cultivated penetrates the film of Nature, and looks into her heart."

Now may not this train of thought be carried from Art generally to the works of individual painters? We believe it is too much the practice to unfairly criticise and condemn a painter simply because his works are not fashioned according to our taste, or in exact harmony with our own feelings, forgetful that to others, as well capable as ourselves of coming to a right decision, they may embody all that is excellent; and when we do so how great injustice is committed. Another ground on which this superstructure of erroneous judgment is raised is, that hastily rejecting, at a glance, perhaps, what is represented, we take no trouble to ascertain what are its merits; we give to it neither close examination nor



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BASSANIO RECEIVING THE LETTER CONCERNING ANTONIO.

[Daniel Brothers.

patient study; we are unwilling to recognise and accept the spirit which created and formed it, and consign to neglect, or, worse perhaps, publicly condemn, a work of genius, merely because we chance to have an "unwholesome preference" for some other. Suppose such a principle of feeling and action were transferred from the world of Art to that of Nature, we then should have one man arraigning the wisdom of Providence because the sky is not always blue, and another because the sunshine is frequently dimmed by "fleecy clouds;" one because the surface of the earth is not an unvarying extent of gentle slopes and verdant meadows, another because it does not exhibit a continued succession

of lofty mountains and rugged precipices. The proof of true taste and a right and kindly spirit lies in the desire and ability to discover beauty or excellence under every guise, without prejudice or undue partiality. The first effort of the critic should be directed to the divesting himself of every impediment that may hinder his arrival at a just, *reasonable*, and correct conclusion.

Again, we should accept the artist for what he is, and not repudiate him for what he is not, nor pretends to be: the charlatan, who assumes a position for

\* "Art Hints." By J. J. JARVES. S. Low and Sons, London.

which every one sees him to be disqualified, is a fair mark for popular indignation; but the man who so knows himself as to keep within his own proper limits, and to ask from the public sympathy and attention nothing more than what he is entitled to, demands and gains the respect due to him. Men of great and surpassing genius are not created every day; they are the *rare ayes* which Nature produces at long intervals of time to stand as examples to the world at large of the ennobling gifts she is able to bestow, and as suns in the intellectual hemisphere round which the lesser lights may revolve, but whose brightness they can never equal, much less outshine. Such men are raised up for the wonder and honour of the nations of the earth, to be followed and imitated, though it will ever be at a far-off distance. Painters, as well as poets, philosophers, orators, and all other kindred minds, must be measured each according to his degree of intelligent power; and it would be as absurd to condemn Addison or Akenside, because the one had not the gifts of Milton, and the other of Shakspere, as it would be to ignore the works of a second or third-rate artist, because Nature had denied him the genius of Raffaelle, Titian, or Tintoretto.

We have been led into these observations by the frequent unjustifiable comments made in our hearing upon the pictures of many living artists. Critics, or those who assume to be, are too apt to draw comparisons that ought not to be made, and which it is ridiculous to make, inasmuch as such works have no right to be placed in juxtaposition with others with a view to comparison. And even where no comparison is instituted, the artist is judged by what he does not pretend to be, and not by what he is. It is assumed he ought to be some-

thing more than he is, when it is self-evident Nature never intended him for anything but what he shows himself—never endowed him with extraordinary gifts: it ought to be sufficient for us if he acts up to the light he has received. Mr. Stone is one among several painters we could name who have been the subjects of much unfair criticism; his merits are too generally overlooked in the sweeping condemnation pronounced on the "sentimentality" of very many of his pictures. No one would declare these works to be significant of great genius; we confess to set but little value on them as productions of an enlarged and intellectual mind, but still we are not insensible to many excellences which they undoubtedly are privileged to claim.

We are unable to give our readers any information concerning this artist's early life. We have never chanced to hear anything about him; and all our efforts to afford our readers such a biographical notice as might be agreeable to them have been fruitless. All that we have heard—and this we cannot vouch for—is, that he came to London about twenty years since, from the neighbourhood of Manchester. He made his *début* as a portrait-painter by sending to the Royal Academy in 1837 two portraits, one of which was the "Lady Seymour." In 1838 he contributed a "Study," and in 1839 three portraits—one of them "Lord Goderich," and another portrait of the "Hon. Mrs. Blackwood." It would therefore seem that he brought with him some good introductions, which his talent enabled him to turn to a profitable account, for a time at least. In 1840 he contributed to the British Institution a graceful little picture of a young girl, under the name of "Louise." Having, it may be presumed, suffi-



Engraved by [redacted]

THE IMPENDING MATE.

[Daniel Brothers.

ciently tested his powers in portraiture, he now stood forth on a wider field of action, and sent to the Academy in the same year a "Scene from the Legend of Montrose"—the passage which describes Annot Lyle, like David laying with his harp the evil spirit of Saul, soothing the fiery temper of Allan M'Aulay by her song, in the presence of the Earl of Monteith. The picture was an earnest of talent which, had it not shortly afterwards been diverted into another and far lower channel, would, in our opinion, have placed the artist in a more elevated position than he has ever attained, or ever will attain now, it is to be feared. In 1841 he exhibited at the British Institution another picture, which few of his subsequent works have surpassed in true poetical feeling and careful execution. The recollection of this work, and of three or four others to which we shall hereafter refer, causes us the more to regret he should ever have cast aside his "first love." This picture is a scene from the poetic romance of "Philip van Artevelde," wherein a youthful husband, "ow'er young to marry yet," amuses himself with a hawk, while his neglected bride stands sorrowfully watching him. It elicited from us the observation, "This is one of the most prominent as well as the most attractive pictures in the collection: it is painted with a master hand." To the Academy Exhibition of the same year he sent another most graceful composition—"The Stolen Interview of Charles, when Prince of Wales, with the Infanta of Spain."

In 1842 Mr. Stone commenced the series of "love-pictures," which, however popular they have been made by the engraver's art—so popular, or at

least so common, as to be seen here, there, and everywhere, wherever a print-shop of any kind exists—were, unhappily, the means of turning his thoughts too often in a direction that has certainly not proved the high road to a good and lasting reputation. Popularity is not necessarily a test of merit in Art, neither does merit always win the suffrages of the many; for the multitude, incompetent to exercise sound judgment, is swayed by caprice, fancy, fashion, and various other motives. The pictures to which we refer possessed that peculiar attractiveness which was almost sure to command a large amount of admiration from those who are readily pleased with pretty faces, elegant figures, and a certain kind of sentiment that is patent to the most casual and careless observer. But such compositions never rise above mediocrity, however well they are put on the canvas—and undoubtedly Stone presented them in a manner which few of his contemporaries could excel, regarding them merely as examples of careful and brilliant painting. Yet in contemplating them one learns nothing but the fact that much technical skill and labour have been thrown away upon subjects so unworthy of what it must have cost to produce these works. The great ends of Art—the instruction and the elevation of the mind—are here unequivocally lost sight of, and that which should "point a moral" scarcely "adorns a tale," or, at least, a very indifferent one. If we compare such compositions as "The Last Appeal," and "The Course of True Love," with the most simple landscape placed by the side of either, how low do they fall beneath it as an expression of real worth, or as a medium of intel-

lignant communication between the material world and the mind. The landscape, though it may chance to be little else than a bit of meadow-land, a clump of weeds, a silvery thread of running brook, all o'er-canopied with a sky whose brightness is chequered by a few light clouds, at once lifts the thoughts of the contemplative mind.

"To Him who formed our world, and pour'd forth glory on it."

From the coquettish maiden and the love-sick youth we turn as from a matter which concerns none but themselves; which they might settle satisfactorily, or otherwise, in some quiet, unseen nook or corner by themselves, and which, though perhaps true to nature as an incident of common occurrence, elicits neither sympathy, nor pity, nor sensation of any kind from the spectator: one has only to fancy himself the actual witness of such an incident to arrive at a just estimate of its value when transferred to the painter's canvas.

The first of this class of pictures was exhibited at the British Institution, in 1842, under the title of "The Bashful Lover and the Maiden Coy;" it was followed the same year by another at the Royal Academy, "Admonition,"—a work perhaps to which less exception might be taken than to some others, yet partaking of their character: it represents two young girls, one of whom holds a love-letter, it is presumed, in her hand, while the elder is venturing to give her sister a lecture upon the impropriety of receiving such a communication. In 1843 the artist sent to the British Institution two pictures, each of a single figure, one called "Helena," the other "Nourmahal;" and to the Academy

"The Last Appeal," a picture too well known to require explanation. He contributed to the British Institution, in 1844, a costumed portrait of a lady, to which the title of "Retirement" was appended, and to the Academy "The Course of True Love never did run Smooth," the large engraving from which was published with the title of "Cross Purposes," as more comprehensive and explanatory of its meaning than that adopted by the painter. "The Ballad," exhibited at the Institution in the following year, is a charming little picture of a girl reading beside a water-spring: the feeling, sentiment, and execution of this gem deserve all praise. To the Academy Exhibition of the same year he sent a pair of lovers, under the somewhat affected title of "Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coûte,"—a title which suggests the idea that the artist was beginning to find himself at a loss for a name wherewith to distinguish his "love-pictures." But a work of a far higher order than any we have yet referred to was hung at the same time—a scene from "HAMLET"—Ophelia singing before the queen as the king enters; a composition that may lay claim to some of the best characteristics of good historical painting.

In the Royal Academy Exhibition of 1846 was a picture by Stone, suggested by a line from Byron—

"Soft hour! which wakes the wish and melts the heart."

An Italian noble, rather advanced in years, is seated on the terrace of his villa, overlooking the sea; near him is a young girl, and beyond them is a youthful pair, no doubt "discoursing most eloquent music" in each other's ears; it is



Engraved by [redacted]

MATED.

[Dame Brothers.]

the old story, but told in so happy a manner as to render it most acceptable: it is one of the few pictures of the class which we should be proud of possessing.

"The Approaching Footstep," exhibited at the British Institution in 1847, is a graceful, unaffected picture of a girl, in the costume of the last century, reclining on a bank, in the attitude of listening.—

"Some well-known step salutes her ear;"

a small lap-dog the lady holds in her arms appears as eager to welcome the comer as its beautiful owner. The same year appeared at the Academy the two pictures, "THE IMPENDING MATE," and "MATED," here introduced as, perhaps, the most agreeable of these particular compositions, as they are happily among the last we shall have to notice especially; for, with two or three unimportant exceptions, from this time a decided change for the better came over the spirit of the painter's dream; he had before essayed his powers to rise higher, and found his strength equal to his flight; it henceforth increased with action—*vires acquisitit eundo*. We are glad to have our own thoughts also turned into another direction; one wearies with the tales of love, and even with the faces of the same pretty models always before the eyes.

It was perhaps not the most judicious act of the painter, to pass at once from such subjects as those to which we have referred, to that which he exhibited at the Academy in 1848,—"Christ and the Sisters of Bethany;" it takes some time for the mind to be imbued with the devout spirituality essential to the

perfect illustration of sacred history—especially a subject like this; and we were therefore not surprised to find it a comparative failure, showing, indeed, many valuable qualities of Art, but most deficient in the severity and simplicity that ought to characterise works of this class: nevertheless, it was a most acceptable and agreeable change from what we had seen from the same hand.

Two small pictures sent to the British Institution in 1849, "A Girl of Brittany," and "Alice," are very skilfully executed studies, free from all affectations. "The Duett," exhibited at the Academy in the same year, represents a modern drawing-room, with a group of young people, two of whom are at the piano: there is much refinement of taste in the conception of this picture, and it is very highly finished.

"Sympathy" (British Institution, 1850) displays in the treatment of the subject feeling of a right and genuine order; the figures are those of two young girls, one of whom offers words of consolation to the other, whose countenance betokens both bodily and mental affliction. Mr. Stone's contributions to the Academy, in the same year, were "The Gardener's Daughter," and "A Scene from the 'Tempest'"—Miranda expressing her admiration of Ferdinand.

During the last six years, we find the name of this painter only twice in the catalogues of the British Institution. In 1851, when he sent two small pictures, one called "The View,"—two children, one directing the attention of the other to some distant object; the second a study of a girl, with the title of "Blanche;" and in 1854, when he contributed "The Balcony," the name given

to the head and bust of a small female figure. In the former of these years, he sent to the Academy the picture which is engraved on the first page of this notice, "BASSANIO RECEIVING THE LETTER ANNOUNCING ANTONIO'S LOSSES AND PERILS," from the "Merchant of Venice," one of the most ambitious works attempted by the painter, and certainly not the least successful; the composition is good, the figures are well grouped, and the heads carefully studied with respect to character, while the whole is painted with a brilliant and delicate pencil. In the autumn of this year Mr. Stone was elected Associate of the Academy.

Stimulated, perhaps, by the honour paid him by the Academy, he sent to its exhibition in the following year four pictures, the largest number he ever contributed:—"A Scene from Cymbeline," a small canvas, presenting half-length

figures of Pisanio and Imogen; a "Country Girl;" "At the Opera," a title significant of the subject; and a "Portrait of Dr. Hooker," surrounded by his native collectors, examining plants in the Rhododendron region of the Himalaya Mountains,—a subject not of the highest pictorial interest, but treated with considerable skill and judgment. His contributions in 1853 were—"A Nile-Flower," a charming study of an Eastern maiden; "Now I'll tell you what we'll do," an affected title given to a group of country girls, grouped in a meadow; and "The Master is come," illustrating a passage in the history of Martha and Mary, as described by the Evangelist St. John: the two females only are introduced, and they are described with much power and truth.

Three pictures were also contributed by the painter in 1854:—"The Mussel Gatherer—Time to go," rather a novelty from his pencil, for it is a coast scene,



Engraved by J.

OPHELIA: A SCENE FROM "HAMLET."

[Daniel Brothers.

with a real sea-side maiden—not a young lady habited in the dress of a fisherman's daughter—with as much refinement of expression and delicacy of skin as we should expect naturally to find in one who is daily called to face the "briny blasts;" the figure is vigorously painted, yet with the artist's usual careful finish. The second, called "The Old, Old Story," is Mr. Stone's old, old story; but the French maiden, and her admirer, a young fisherman, tell their tale of love to the spectator in a sensible and pleasant manner: here is true nature—not affectation; and the style of the painting is as true and substantial as the narrative that is set before us. The third, "Castle Building," represents a girl in the attitude of earnest meditation; no doubt her thoughts run upon "the old story;" at any rate they have not disturbed the sweet expression of her face—one of the sweetest and most life-like we remember to

have seen on canvas. In 1856 Mr. Stone was absent from the walls of the Academy; and in the present year he sent one picture only, "Doubt," a work of considerable size, but certainly not an advance upon previous performances.

The characteristics of Mr. Stone's productions may be briefly summed up: his strength lies in his delineation of the female figure, where beauty of expression and delicacy of texture are sought after: he rarely attempts elaborate compositions, aware, probably, of his weakness in the art of grouping masses, either as principals or accessories. His colouring is generally truthful, and always brilliant, and his execution careful, even to a high degree of finish in the minutest details of his subjects. His talents will always command respect, though we do not anticipate they will ever cause him to be classed with the brightest ornaments of the British School.

## THREAD AND FIBRE GILDING.

THE pressure on our columns arising from the imperative claims of the exhibitions of the season, and other matters directly connected with the Fine Arts, has compelled us to postpone until now our remarks on a paper read by Mr. Bennoch, of the firm of Bennoch, Twentymen, and Rigg, of 77, Wood Street, Cheapside, at the Society of Arts, in April last, "ON THREAD AND FIBRE GILDING."

The subject is one of national importance: and if the remarks of Colonel Sykes, the Chairman of the East India Company, who presided on the occasion, and took part in the discussion, are duly weighed by the manufacturers of England, it would appear that the process of gilding described by Mr. Bennoch may open up a demand in the East for fabrics adapted to the tastes of the people, that may go far to neutralise the inconvenience now felt by the commerce of England in consequence of the excessive shipments of silver to India and China. Whatever portion of such demand can be supplied by the looms of England will be a national advantage.

We transfer to our pages a large portion of the interesting paper, and trust our manufacturing readers will look into the matter, and ascertain for themselves whether they cannot to some extent carry out the suggestions we have offered. Since the paper was published in the *Journal of the Society of Arts*, considerable discussion has been excited on the subject. By command of Her Majesty the specimens exhibited when the paper was read were forwarded to the Palace, and some of them selected by Her Majesty, who, through Colonel Phipps, was graciously pleased to express her admiration of the fabrics.

Waistcoat-pieces and material for neck-ties have been produced by Mr. Sanderson, the enterprising silk manufacturer of Graham Street, City; while Messrs. Kerr and Scott, the eminent shawl manufacturers of London and Paisley, are preparing specimens in their branch of manufacture, which we cannot help believing will become popular on all occasions of full-dress display. Some shawls made in France have struck us as exceedingly chaste and beautiful; while there is to the fullest extent all the effect producible by the purest gold, there is an absence of that objectionable glitter and glare peculiar to mere tinsel. Those who wish to thoroughly understand, not only the new system, but also the process that has obtained for thousands of years, we confidently recommend to read the following remarks read by Mr. Bennoch:—

## ON THREAD OR FIBRE GILDING.

When he consented to write a paper on the subject, he had resolved to confine his observations within the narrow limits of certain recent discoveries, in which he had become interested; but he soon found that, however interesting a paper so limited might be in itself, it would necessarily leave untouched the large and important subject of fibre plating, or covering threads of silk or cotton with gold or silver, so that the precious metals might be used with facility in the manufacture of gold and silver tissues. To clearly understand the several processes required for the production of such fabrics, it became necessary that he should refer to other and apparently distinct branches of industry, such as silver gilding and wire drawing. He therefore resolved to investigate the general subject, and bring the result of his inquiries within the space of a single address.

The history of ornamental jewellery from the earliest times—the purposes it had served—how and why rings, and chains, and bracelets, and wreaths, and crowns, became and continue indispensable ornaments, would form an instructive paper, but his duty was to confine his remarks to the production of threads used in the manufacture of woven or embroidered fabrics.

Innumerable references are made in the sacred writings to the liberal use of gold and silver, not only for personal adornment, but also for the highest ceremonial purposes.

In the Old Testament we are told (Jer. chap. x. v. 9), "Silver spread in plates was brought from Tarshish, and gold from Uphaz, the work of the workmen and of the hands of the founder. Blue and purple is their clothing, they are all the work

of cunning men." It is evident from this and other passages that fire was used in purifying the metal; that it was afterwards founded or cast into certain forms, preparatory to its being beaten or hammered, and fitted for the purposes for which it was intended.

The first important use made of gold was in the construction of the Ark of the Covenant, and Bezaleel, the son of Uri, the son of Hur, of the tribe of Judah, is described (Ex. xxxi. 2—4) as specially called, and by inspiration "possessed of all wisdom, understanding, and knowledge in all manner of workmanship, and to devise cunning works in gold, and in silver, and in brass, and in cutting of stones to set them." Then (in Ex. xiv. 11) the *ark* is described as being "overlaid with pure gold within and without."

So in the building of the Temple (1 Kings vi. 21, 22), "Solomon overlaid the house within with pure gold, and he made a partition of gold before the oracle, and he overlaid it with gold, and he overlaid the whole house with gold, until he had finished all the house, and also the whole altar that was by the oracle he overlaid with gold."

It is interesting and very suggestive to observe, that, wherever the highest and holiest thoughts and purest motives ought to have existed, and where the objects were of the most sacred nature, the purest of all metals was enjoined to be used, and doubtless intended to symbolise the purity of the purposes to which it was applied. The functions of the priest were the loftiest and purest, and the temple in which he served was designed to last for ever; therefore, the purest metal was adopted as indicative of the purity and endurance of the priesthood and the temple.

After the construction of the ark and the tabernacle we have a description of the garments of the priests (Ex. xxxix. 3):—"And they did beat gold into thin plates, and cut it into wires to work it in the blue, and in the purple, and in the scarlet, and in the fine linen, with cunning work."

As we are not told what breadth the plates were, it would be idle to speculate on the length of the wires. He apprehended, however, that the wires there referred to should not be understood to mean what the word now implied. When they remembered the marvellous particularity with which the minutest details in reference to the building of the temple, the tabernacle, the ark, and the *woof* of the priestly raiment, were described, he was persuaded that had the gold been *drawn* into lengthened wires the particulars of the process would have been given. In the absence of such information, and taking the facts as they lay before them, he arrived at the conclusion that the wire mentioned was only narrow shreds of thin gold, which, in all probability, did not in length exceed the width of the web from which the garments were to be made, and these webs need not have been more than a few inches wide. We shall, by-and-by, see that even now in the East certain robes are made of narrow strips, and the fashion may have been handed down from the time of the patriarchs.

From specimens shown it was seen that having succeeded in producing a wire of great length, it was used longitudinally as a warp, avoiding the difficulty experienced when the wire thread is passed from side to side, as in the *weft* or *shute*.

In covering the sacred places within and without with pure gold, it is not stated how the plates were fastened, and we very naturally, and perhaps truthfully conclude that they were riveted or fastened with nails. The workmanship was doubtless exceedingly rude; at all events, they were justified in the opinion that had other means been employed they would have been fully described. This view is partly confirmed by the fact that the words "gilt" or "gilding" do not appear in the sacred writings, and there is no data determining the period when gold was first attached by an adhesive medium.

Although the system adopted in the East, and prevailing there at the present moment, may greatly differ from that which existed in the days of Moses, still, in his judgment, there must be some similarity. By ascertaining the method now pursued in India, we may obtain a faint glimpse of the plan adopted by the earliest workers in the precious metals.

The city of Paithun, situated on the river Godavery, is famed for its manufactures in gold and silver tissues—viz., *pugrees*, or turbans, *doputtas*, or long shawls, and *sarees*, or women's robes. The highest

qualities of these several productions are sent to the courts of Gwalior, Baroda, and Hyderabad.

The long shawls which are thrown over the shoulders of the native princes on all occasions of state ceremonial frequently cost as much as 3000 rupees (£300) each. The *weft* is composed of very fine cotton thread, generally scarlet or green, the warp being of silk of a similar colour. The shawls are sometimes in long strips of about an inch in width, and placed alternately a strip of scarlet and a strip of gold. The ends are of cloth of gold, about a yard in depth, and the whole shawl is surrounded by a rich border of flowers or birds in variegated silks, woven on a gold ground. Some of the *sarees* are made of thick shot silk in narrow strips, and finished in a similar manner; while others of the same texture, as the *doputtas*, are flowered, spotted, or striped with gold, and are about nine yards in length. They present a most gorgeous appearance, being in texture like the fine muslin gauze of ladies' dresses, and it is by no means uncommon to have them of the value of 225 rupees (or £22 10s.) each.

Dr. Royle, in his instructive lecture\* on "The Arts and Manufactures of India," informs us that, "among the references to silk in ancient authors, there is also frequently mention made of gold and silver as interwoven with silk; even the Coan women are represented as interweaving gold thread in their silken webs, and Caligula as wearing 'a tunie interwoven with gold.' *Babylonicum* was the name applied to the splendid productions of the Babylonian looms. These are described as being adorned both with gold and with variously coloured figures. A peacock's train is compared to a figured *babylonicum*, enriched with gold; while *peplum*, the shawl, had the greatest skill and labour bestowed on its fabrication, and various objects were frequently represented on it; that worn by the *Pantophori* in religious ceremonies was richly interwoven with gold, and displayed various symbolical and mythological figures; while the *paraganda*—a word supposed to be of oriental origin—we learn was the border of a tunic enriched with gold thread, and worn by ladies. There is no doubt that it has long been the custom so to adorn garments in the East; and we had numerous such specimens sent to the Exhibition of 1851."

Mr. Bennoch then referred to the process that prevails in India in preparing the metal and the thread used in the manufacture of these truly gorgeous fabrics.

A rod of silver, weighing twenty-two rupees, or about eight ounces, after having been roughened by a file, is covered with a leaf of the best gold, weighing one rupee, so that gold forms one twenty-third part of the whole metal. The method adopted to make the gold adhere to the silver is very simple. The rod of silver having been wetted, the gold leaf is laid on, and pressed with the fingers, and afterwards rubbed smartly on the thigh. The small portion of gold that may overlap hangs loose, and is cut off; the edges of the gold leaf that come in contact are beaten a little thinner than the body of the leaf, so as to secure, as nearly as possible, a uniform thickness.

The bar so prepared is heated in a pan of charcoal till it becomes redhot. It is then taken out and hammered, and rubbed with a piece of wood, and is ready to undergo the first process of being drawn into wire. The rod is, at this time, about the thickness of a man's thumb, and from six to eight inches in length. In the wiredrawer's house there is a pit dug in the floor, about thirty inches deep, containing a rude horizontal wooden cylinder, or beam, turning on pivots fixed into each end, placed in sockets at the side or end of the pit. In this cylinder are fixed four handspikes, over one of which is slipped a ring, to which is attached a chain, and a ring at the other end. Through this ring is slipped the head of a pair of pincers, in the jaws of which is placed the end of the gilt bar, which had previously been hammered at one end, so as to enable it to pass through the hole pierced in a steel plate; through this hole the bar has to be drawn, and, being drawn, is reduced in diameter, and proportionately increased in length. The handles of the pincers

\* See "Lectures on the Results of the Great Exhibition of 1851; delivered before the Society of Arts." 2 vols. 8vo. Bogue, London, 1852-3.

being considerably wider than the head, and the ring gripping both handles, it follows that the greater the strain on the handles, the closer the grip of the jaws. The hold is tightened by placing a small piece of mica between the rod and the jaws of the pincers. One man holds the rod steadily and straight to the die, while another man turns the cylinder by pulling with his hands, and pressing with his feet, the handpikes, in the same way as we occasionally see the steersman at the wheel of the rudder of a large ship. As the cylinder revolves, the rod of metal lengthens, and winds round the cylinder. To lessen the friction in passing through the holes, the rod is invariably rubbed over with wax.

Having passed through the holes in the steel plate, each hole being a degree finer than the other, the wire is coiled up and re-heated, or annealed, by which it is softened, or made more malleable. Were this precaution omitted, the wire would become brittle, and break like cast metal. This process of drawing and heating is repeated over and over again, until the wire is reduced to the substance of ordinary whipcord, and it then passes into other hands. The importance of the division of labour is here recognised. The hands best adapted for the heaviest processes are altogether unfit for the more delicate branches of the business.

The workmen into whose hands the wire is now placed sit at a small bench, on which are two reels, or large bobbins, a short distance apart, on one of which the wire is wound; midway between them is fixed edgeways a frame, with a steel plate pierced with fifteen or twenty holes of different degrees of fineness. To make the wire pass easily through the finer hole, it is rubbed at the end between two pieces of porcelain, then slipped through the hole-caught with a pair of nippers, and attached to a limb or spoke of the empty reel, which is turned by the hand, and the wire is drawn through with perfect ease. This operation is continued and repeated until the wire becomes as fine as the finest hair.

In this state it cannot be used, for it is too weak to be woven, and must be united with some other fibre before it can be worked in the loom; and being round, it will not readily attach itself to the thread. It therefore becomes necessary that it should be flattened. This is done by beating it with a highly-polished steel hammer, on an anvil equally well polished, as the least flaw would damage the wire.

Eight or ten threads are wound on as many several small reels, like cotton spools. These are placed in two rows, on pegs fastened to a board, so as to turn horizontally. The several ends are passed through a row of small holes pierced in a piece of thick fish-skin attached to the anvil with wax—the holes being level with the surface of the anvil, and the gold wires pass on to the anvil separately, yet near each other. The operator seizes all the threads with the left hand, and draws them gently across the anvil, while with the right hand he hammers them as they pass. With one stroke he flattens the eight or ten wires with such remarkable skill that scarcely any difference can be detected in the width of the flattened wire, so accurately is each blow given.

The flattened wire now passes into the hands of a spinner or plater of gold thread. The process is very interesting. The orange-coloured silk is wound round two spindles, such as are used for spinning cotton or wool—the ends of the two threads are passed through a ring fastened to the ceiling of the room, and both bobbins are brought to an equal height from the ground; by being rubbed sharply along the thigh they are set in motion in opposite directions, and spin round with great velocity. As they spin, the gilt wire, flattened as described, and guided by the left hand, is wound round the threads with an evenness and regularity almost incredible, considering the rudeness of the implements used; and our surprise is greatly increased on examining the articles afterwards manufactured.

In this very concise description of a most interesting branch of industry there are several facts of detail omitted which it would have been well to have had supplied—such as the time occupied in bringing the rod of six inches long into the wire as fine as hair—the length of the hair so drawn—the value of the labour so condensed, and sundry other points, without which we cannot satisfactorily arrive at any economical result. These omissions, how-

ever, are amply supplied by the processes adopted in London. The same, or very similar methods, prevail in the several cities of Europe where the manufacture of gold lace is encouraged, but he confined himself to what he had seen, and in this branch of his paper he was much indebted to the courtesy of Messrs. Johnson, Simpson, and Simons, whose works had been thrown open to him, and to Mr. Simons he was indebted for many of the details.

Silver being the basis of what is technically called gold thread, it is well to consider what silver is best for the purpose. The silver in greatest favour with wire-drawers is extracted from lead. This may probably retain a certain portion of the nature of the ore with which it was previously in combination, and may be tougher than that obtained from other mines. The manner in which the silver is separated from the lead is very simple, and most interesting. Without detailing the several processes practised by various miners, he referred to an improved plan in operation at the lead mines of the Duke of Buccleuch, at Wanlockhead, in the high district of Dumfrieshire. The process is founded on the property which bodies possess of separating from each other during crystallisation. The argentiferous lead is melted in a large vessel, and the temperature is arranged to such a point, that the lead becomes crystallised. The crystals of pure lead are then removed as soon as formed, by means of a large iron ladle, pierced with holes, and the silver is thus left combined with a smaller portion of lead, which thus gradually becomes more and more rich, until, by successive operations, it is brought to such a state, that further separation can be advantageously effected by the ordinary means of cupellation.

The facility with which silver can be thus separated from the lead gives the owner the advantage of making the lead of the required richness. He need hardly tell his audience that the quality of lead depends greatly on the quantity of silver combined with it. The silver so produced comes to the market usually in the form of a cake, and is afterwards melted and grained. A certain quantity is weighed—say from 400 to 500 ounces,—and placed in a crucible, or, in the common language of the trade, a *pot*, which is placed in a charcoal fire, and there remains until the metal is of nearly a white heat. The best crucibles for such purposes are of American manufacture, composed of black-lead and a mixture of a peculiar clay. When heated as described, it is ready to be poured into the ingot moulds. These moulds are made of iron, and sometimes of copper; but it has been proved by experience that the iron mould is the best, because the copper moulds, after being used a given number of times, are liable to fracture.

Before pouring the metal into the mould, it is important that the mould itself should be heated to a certain point. Unless this is attended to, steam or gas is generated, and causes a spurt of the metal, producing air-bubbles, or flaws, in the ingot, and any imperfection of that nature produces an ultimate defect in the wire. The ingot mould is in two pieces, kept together by very strong clamps and screws. When the metal is sufficiently set, the screws are loosened, the mould separates, and the ingot of silver falls easily out. The ingot so cast is about two inches in diameter, and from twenty to twenty-four inches in length. The bar, or ingot, is then placed in a charcoal fire until redhot, whence it is taken and held and turned on the anvil by one man, while three others, with heavy hammers, hammer it well. This beating and hammering continues until the bar is reduced to a size suitable for the first hole, or die, through which it has to be drawn, and by the hammering is increased in length from four to five inches, or about twenty per cent.

The hammering, so fiercely applied, changes the nature of the metal precisely in the same way as iron is changed by rolling and hammering, laying all the fibres one way, and proportionably increasing its tenacity and elasticity. The bar so prepared is pointed, and made to fit the first die through which it has to pass, and laid on the draw-bench with the point slipped through the die. The point is then seized by the jaws of a pair of monster pincers, or draw-tongues, with short bow arms, at the end of each of which is a hook that slips over a ring, attached to the end of a strong chain cable, drawn by a steam-engine exerting the power of sixteen horses. The greater the draught the tighter the grip, and the ingot passes through the first die with

the greatest ease, and is reduced in diameter, but increased in length from ten to fifteen per cent. This process is repeated ten or twelve times, each time the rod being drawn through a smaller die. The bar is then removed to another bench, where it is planed so as to remove all roughness or other imperfections on the surface, as the slightest blemish would interfere with perfect gilding—such blemishes being best detected by placing over the bar a sheet of foolscap paper, slightly arched, which by its reflection shows every speck instantly and most distinctly. The bar of metal, being so prepared, is considerably reduced in weight as well as in size, and is now ready for gilding. As the richness of the wire depends upon the thickness of the gold laid on, and as all the gold leaves are very nearly, if not absolutely, of the same substance, the quality of the wire is regulated by the number of leaves placed one over the other, and these vary from ten to thirty leaves. The higher qualities are used for military purposes, and pearls and bullions for embroidery. The lower qualities being in demand chiefly for liveries, for the ends of muslins, and also for skein thread exported to India and China. The gold leaves, whether of the depth of ten or thirty, are laid in a row side by side, nearly the length of the bar, on a piece of ordinary cartridge paper; the bar is gently laid on the leaves, pressed close, and the edges of the leaves raised up until the silver is entirely covered with gold leaf; there is no size or foreign matter whatever used; because any such matter would, in the fire, prevent perfect cohesion. Nor is there any water used, as in the Indian process—the natural affinity of the highly-polished silver to the gold appears to be sufficient. The bar so overspread with leaf and enveloped in paper is tied tightly round with cord, and placed in the centre of a heap of lighted charcoal, where it remains until it assumes a bright red heat. One would imagine that the paper must instantly take fire and disappear, but such is not the case. The atmosphere being carefully excluded, it gradually becomes red with the metal, and when the paper has been entirely consumed, the bar is nearly ready to be withdrawn. While redhot, it is placed on a frame, or bench, and vigorously burnished with a blood-stone—a substitute for which, and nearly as good, has been found in a stone discovered in the South Seas, probably the same as that from which the natives of those islands make their spear-heads, hatchets, and weapons of war. This burnishing serves a double purpose—it forces out any air that may have remained between the gold and the silver, and at the same time brings them closer together. When quite smooth, it is permitted to cool gradually.

When quite cool, the surface is covered with wax, and then commences the more rapid reduction of size by drawing the bar through graduated steel dies, highly-polished, as the slightest roughness would damage the metal, and although it might now pass undiscovered, by-and-by it would show itself in defective wire. These slight physical defects, like moral flaws, cannot be always hid, but, sooner or later, will appear on the surface. When reduced to the size, technically called *disgrossed*, it is annealed, care being taken to exclude the air from the surface, otherwise the gold, being now so thin on the silver, would partially melt, and present a blackened appearance. After remaining in the fire about an hour, it is placed under other superintendence, and removed to other machinery, moving with greater speed, and rapidly passes through a number of finer holes, each decreasing in size, until it is reduced to the size he held in his hand. After this it is heated and drawn through a hole, which removes all wax and dirt from the surface.

The steel dies are then dispensed with, because, from experience, it had been found that the holes were liable to become what wire-drawers call square; and, until within a comparatively recent period, the ounce of metal could not be drawn into more than 900 or 1000 yards.

One of the firm to which he was so much indebted was the first to suggest an experiment with a jewelled die. Many difficulties were at first experienced, but all were overcome, and a perforated ruby, set in a metallic frame, answered admirably, and enabled the drawer to produce, from one ounce of metal, a wire a mile and a quarter long, and finer than a lady's hair. In connection with this discovery, it is somewhat singular that there are not more than three

men in London capable of perforating and setting these ruby dies properly; one man, who works probably not more than three hours a day on the average, has received from one wire-drawing firm as much as £500 or £600 in a single year, while they only pay from 4s. to 5s. for each die.

Presuming that the finest point is reached, it is found that the colour is not so rich and deep a shade of yellow as fashion desires. To effect this a very simple and ingenious plan is adopted. The wire is wound round a copper cylinder, a small portion of wax being added; the bore or cavity of the cylinder is filled with redhot charcoal, made from birch wood, that being found the best; so the wire in its finest state is again annealed; and what appears singular, the colour is deepened and rendered permanent.

It is now ready to be flattened preparatory to spinning round the silk, and this is accomplished by winding it from the copper cylinder on to smaller bobbins, ready for the flattening-machine, which is very simple and very small. There are only two rollers for it to pass between, the one being about ten and the other four inches in diameter, and two inches wide, slightly convex on the face.

To impress a substance as fine as a hair, and flatten it to twice or treble its original width, requires the nicest possible adaptation of parts. They would not be surprised to hear that a single pair of rolls costs £120. The metal is of the rarest quality of steel, and the polish higher than the finest glass. At one time these rollers were made in Sheffield, but now they are manufactured in Rhenish Prussia.

The wire so flattened is now wound on small bobbins, which are placed in the centre of circular rings, attached to a bar over a spinning-frame. On the front of the frame are bobbins of silk, the threads of which pass through the centre of the ring to which the reel with wire is fixed. The whole is set in motion, and while the thread is being twisted, the ring with the wire revolves round the thread in the opposite direction, and thirty or forty threads are plaited at once—one girl attending to them all; and so the gold thread is finished, and ready for any purpose the consumer may require.

In its new form, though only gold is seen, probably nine-tenths of its bulk is silk, while of the remaining one-tenth only one-fiftieth part is gold; so by labour and ingenuity they were put in possession of a gold thread, of which only one part in five hundred is in reality gold.

It was important to ascertain the quantity of labour required to reduce the ingot of silver, weighing 420 ounces, to the finished wire, weighing 360 ounces, 60 ounces having been cut off—not destroyed—in the several processes of pointing, plaining, and occasional accidental waste:

	Hours.
To reduce the ingot to the size when it is cut into 10 equal parts, of about 36 ounces each, takes 3 men 20 hours each	60
To reduce from hank to firing off size takes, for each hank, 1 man 5 hours, or for 10 hanks	50
To reduce from firing off to 300 yards per ounce size takes, for each hank, 9 hours, or for 10 hanks	90
To reduce 300 yards to 1200 yards per ounce size takes, for each hank, 18 hours, or for 10 hanks	180
To reduce from 1200 yards to 1800 yards size takes, for each hank, 25 hours, or for 10 hanks	250
If, reduced to 2000 yards, each hank would take at least 7 hours, or for 10 hanks	70
	700

Allowing ten hours to the day, it would take one man seventy days or ten weeks to reduce by his labour the ingot of silver, weighing 420 ounces to its finest size. But no one man is equal to the entire duty. The early processes demand the exercise of Titanic powers, while the later processes demand the lightest touch of almost fairy fingers.

In constructing the foregoing table, he had some difficulty, from the fact that, so far as he could discover, the question had never before been looked at from the labour-consumption point of view. There may be some errors, arising from imperfect information, but he believed it would be found sufficiently accurate to enable them to estimate the labour necessary to make four hundred ounces of gold, in a bar twenty inches long, stretch over five hundred miles. Fifty such bars would bind the earth with a golden hoop. But as the four hundred ounces of silver is girt with only eight ounces of

gold leaf, each leaf weighing eighteen grains, and four inches square, it follows that only one-fiftieth part of the wire is gold. So eight ounces of gold in combination with silver is made to stretch five hundred miles, or over sixty miles for a single ounce. Nothing can more clearly show the wonderful ductility of this most wonderful metal. One would imagine that in passing through so many holes, the gold would be liable to be scraped from the surface of the silver; but it is not so. In passing through the die every atom of the metal is excited and stretched simultaneously, each atom retaining its relative position. As, from first to last, the wire passes through one hundred to one hundred and twenty dies, it follows that the ingot in its course traverses over fifty thousand miles, or twice the circumference of the globe.

Before passing to the last division of his paper, a few observations might be permitted, marking the differences that exist between manual and mechanical labour, as suggested by the Indian and English processes of wire-drawing.

In London five hundred ounces of metal could be drawn into wire while ten are drawn at Paithun.

In London it can be drawn 2000 or even 2200 yards to the ounce, while in Paithun they stop short of 1000 or 1200 yards.

In London the manufacturer depends upon mechanical ingenuity, which enables comparative children to execute a very large proportion of the work; while in India, age and great experience are essential to the production of a marketable commodity.

The difference will increase year by year. Electro-gilding in some way or other must, sooner or later, supersede the present process. Whether its application shall be to the bar of silver in bulk, or to the completed wire, he could not determine; but looking at the conditions of the trade, considering the scientific principles involved, and the chemical processes that may be applied, he had no more doubt of the result desired being accomplished than he had in his own existence.

Certain it is that, ere long, English industry will supply India, and probably China, with all the prepared thread they require for the production of their sumptuous robes: the only surprise is that English enterprise and English looms had not long ago supplied those distant countries with the manufactured article.

When they considered the consumption of the precious metals—the no less precious money, and the still more precious labour consumed in the manufacture of gold thread—it was not only not satisfactory, but very humiliating, to confess that a very large proportion of the quantity produced was flung away and wasted—much being consumed in bars of gold shot in at the ends of webs of muslin or other cloth, to produce an attractive finish, which, when purchased for consumption, was torn off, and cast into the fire.

Having entered so fully into the details of wire-drawing, flattening, and spinning, he now came to the new and patented plan of

#### FIBRE GILDING.

For many years chemists had attempted every known method of gilding, in the hope of discovering some process by which silk, or other fibre, could be gilded without applying the immense labour, seen to be necessary, before a thread with a covering of gold can be used with facility in the loom, and woven into cloth, but they always failed. In France, where scientific research is liberally promoted by the government, a large reward was offered for a successful plan, but no man ever had the opportunity or satisfaction of claiming it. The electro process gave a fresh impulse to scientific men.

The difficulties of the first stage were soon overcome, and gold was compelled to attach itself to the surface of the thread. Here a new difficulty arose—the thread, being completely soaked, was long in drying, and when dried had lost its lustre; while the foundation on which the gold rested was so soft and flimsy, that to burnish it was impossible. They only produced a gold thread which had not the effect of gold, and was therefore useless. Among the several investigators was Mr. Albert Hock, who, failing to find in chemistry the principle by which fibres could be gilded, succeeded by means of a simple mechanical contrivance.

In the first place, it is essential that the silk used

should be of a superior quality, free from knotty nibs and rough places. The gum must be boiled out of the silk, and the silk tinged to the shade of a light orange. The bobbins containing the silk are placed on a wire, on which they revolve when gently pulled. The end of the thread is passed over a wire, and then under a roller, which works in a trough containing a glutinous but transparent liquid. It then passes over a reel attached to an endless screw, or threaded spindle, so arranged that it lays on a brass cylinder the thread of silk as close as cords are wound round the handle of a whip, without overlapping, until the cylinder is completely covered with the silk, when the thread is broken; the length of the skein of thread depends, therefore, upon the size of the cylinder and the fineness of the thread, but the cylinder cannot be increased beyond a certain size, and that size must not be larger than can be spanned by a single leaf of gold, and the goldbeaters will not produce it larger than three and five-eighths of an inch square. When the leaf was to be four inches square, the London goldbeater declined the order, advancing as a reason, that, were he to demand such a size, every journeyman he had would strike and leave him. The gold leaf was procured from France—another instance of the mischiefs done to commerce by trade combinations.

The cylinder being covered with silk in a gummy state, the book with the gold leaf is opened, and laid on the palm of the hand; the machine—something like a turning-lathe—is moved; the edge of the leaf is made to touch the gilded silk, and it is quickly drawn round, covering the silk. This is repeated until the entire surface of the silk on the roller is covered with gold leaf. A piece of cloth or washed leather is fastened on a slip of wood, something like a razor-strop. The roller is turned round, and the strop pressed firmly upon the leaf, which not only presses the leaf closer to the silk, but separates the leaf between each of the windings of the finest thread; and so one side of the finest thread is gilded. It is thus apparent that if gold and green, or any other colour, is desired in combination with gold, it is only necessary, first, to dye the thread the colour required, and then, by gilding one side, the combination wished is secured. To gild the entire thread, the half-gilded thread is wound on to another roller. The gilded side of the silk thread necessarily winds next to the brass on the second roller, leaving the ungilt part of the thread exposed, and ready to be treated in the same manner as before described, and so the process is completed. It is then wound on to reels of the usual size, and permitted to dry thoroughly. After this it is reeled on boards, or, as the French call them, *planchettes*, and is ready for the market. The colour is very beautiful, being the natural colour of the gold leaf. The great advantage of this over every other thread is its lightness and perfect flexibility, for it can be wound and woven wherever any other thread can be wound or woven. Its only disadvantage consists in the impossibility of producing by this process that tinselled and glaring effect which ladies seem to consider a prime essential wherever gold is used. In reality it is a new but very expensive colour. The sizes of the threads are regulated by the number of ends of silk wound round the roller at once. The substance used for attaching the gold leaf to the threads unites them, and brings them into one thread.

As regards cost, it is, size for size, considerably dearer than the ordinary gold thread; but as it measures a much greater length for the weight, it virtually becomes, for weaving purposes, very much cheaper. The finest ordinary gold thread measures about 550 yards to the ounce, and costs about eight shillings. A similar size of silk, gilded by the new process, weighing one-third the weight, and measuring the same, would not cost over five shillings. Where fine gold leaf is used it is untarnishable; but copper can be used with the same facility as gold, and costs little more than half the price, while for ordinary purposes it answers quite as well.

In France there is a considerable demand for, and a steadily increasing consumption of, the material. Whether the manufacturers of England will enter the lists, and endeavour to compete with their enterprising neighbours, it is difficult to determine. The patentees seem to have received less encouragement than they had a right to expect from the manufacturers of the United Kingdom.

## THE FAUSSETT COLLECTION.\*

The Faussett Collection has recently obtained so much celebrity, as well for its intrinsic excellence as for the strange perversity by which it has been cast aside from our National Museum, that this elegant volume must be peculiarly acceptable to all students of our Saxon Antiquities. A more important addition to our knowledge of the manners and customs of our Saxon forefathers has never appeared. It comprises the detailed results of the opening of nearly eight hundred tumuli, ranging over that part of Kent, from Canterbury to the sea, inhabited by the early Saxon settlers in England—their graves containing in all instances the weapons of the men, and the personal decorations of the women, who thus took with them to "the narrow house" those things they most valued in life. It is impossible to over-estimate the value of so extensive and curious a collection, unique in its power of illustrating a dark period in English history. In looking over the splendid examples of jewellery engraved in this book, or the varied appliances for the ordinary luxuries or wants of life, we cannot fail to be struck by the high amount of taste and civilisation they prove must have existed among the pagan Saxons, who are too frequently considered semi-barbarous. The jewellery particularly excites surprise; and the marvellous brooch discovered at Kingston, and forming the opening plate of this volume, has been pronounced by jewellers of the present day as fully equal in manipulative power to any modern work of their art. It is three inches and a half in diameter; and its surface is covered by five concentric circles of gold, inclosing garnet, turquoise, and mother-of-pearl, cut to fill variously shaped cells, the effect of the jewels being heightened by layers of gold foil. Between many of the stones is gold chain-work, twisted and interlaced, the whole being secured and affixed on a gold base, and the pin which secured it to the mantle also milled and engraved with equal splendour. It is the grandest piece of jewellery of its age ever discovered in this or any other country. But even this fine work is rivalled in delicacy of manipulation by some others of a smaller kind in the same collection; and the details of that on Plate II., fig. 4, and the elegant pendants, Plate IV., figs. 4, 7, and 13, assert the high ability of these early goldsmiths.

When we say that the collection contains twenty of these magnificent brooches; more than fifty jewelled pendant ornaments in gold, silver, and base metals; buckles and personal ornaments of the most varied kinds, comprising all that the luxury of the Saxon might require; an abundance of defensive arms for the warrior; an equal abundance of toilette implements, or *articles de luxe*, for "the fair-haired maidens" he defended; glass, pottery, and miscellanea, making up an almost complete picture of the everyday life of this ancient people, an idea may be formed of the extreme value and paramount interest of this unique collection.

Certainly one of the most curious instances of the accidents which beset literature and science is afforded by the history of this collection, which has been allowed to remain in obscurity for nearly a century, and the manuscript account liable to every accident or total destruction. After it had been brought again to the notice of the antiquarian world by Mr. Roach Smith, in 1844, not one of the Antiquarian Societies moved one step towards the publication of any portion, although freely tendered to their use. But more marvellous than all, when the entire collection, including the whole of the manuscripts and drawings, was very properly offered in the first instance to the trustees of the British Museum, that it might find its proper resting-place in our National Collection, then almost entirely wanting in National Antiquities, it was curtly refused by that body! Astounded at such a result, as the price required was extremely moderate, the leading students in antiquities took alarm; the officers of the museum argued with their *superior* (?) officers, the trustees, and were backed by urgent petitions from the Society of Antiquaries, the Archaeological Institute and Association, by many private individuals, and by the still more important promise of the free gift of

\* INVENTORIUM SEPULCHRALE; an Account of some Antiquities dug up in Kent by the Rev. Bryan Faussett. Edited by Charles Roach Smith. Printed for subscribers.

other private collections of Saxon Antiquities to swell the national store, should the purchase be effected. The time for the decision of the trustees was extended by Dr. Faussett's executors, and the whole subject in its full bearings again placed before their eyes, accompanied by the fact that three private collectors were only awaiting their decision to purchase the whole at an advanced price, so that even the inbred trading spirit of an English board might be more than satisfied with the whole transaction. We can scarcely ask our readers to credit the fact, but the offer was again refused! and the collection next day passed into the hands of Mr. Joseph Mayer, F.S.A., of Liverpool; who at once made arrangement for the publication of the original records of Faussett's discoveries, securing the services of Mr. Roach Smith to edit the manuscripts, and Mr. Fairholt to draw and engrave every object comprised in the collection.

Although the originals be thus lost to the nation, the printing-press will make them even more useful to the general world; and, thanks to Mr. Mayer's spirited proceedings, the discoveries may belong by this means to every student of our early history. It is quite certain that had the British Museum purchased the collection, its rulers would not have published the manuscript, and caused the antiquities to be engraved for general use, as they have now been done. Thus, out of a great evil a much greater good has arisen to aid science in general; and Mr. Mayer, Mr. Roach Smith, and Mr. Fairholt, have thus given to the world at large the full benefit of Faussett's research; and in doing it have also produced an undying record of disgrace to the trustees of the British Museum, which must last while literature exists.

Of the labour of Mr. Roach Smith as editor we can conscientiously speak in high terms. He has faithfully given the original record by Bryan Faussett, accompanied by notes explanatory and critical, comprising the results of that knowledge which recent experience has given the archaeologist. But he has done much more than this; for in an elaborate introduction to the volume he has written such a clear record of the results of the various isolated researches of investigators, combined with his own experiences, as to realise the truth of his opening words:—"The real value of antiquities should be determined by the extent to which they are capable of being applied toward illustrating history." Seldom have we met a more honest exponent of facts than Mr. Roach Smith, or one who has less desire to argue for favourite theories; he has been imbued with the proper spirit of a truthful inquirer, who values his labour but as the means of eliciting *fact* in all clearness. For the first time he has enabled us to classify the somewhat chaotic mass of Saxon antiquities discovered at home and abroad; and by the careful comparison of their peculiarities, and the thoughtful testing of historic record, made one illustrate the other so completely, that we may safely refer certain ornaments to certain tribes, who had settled in various parts of England, and who brought with them and retained many peculiarities from their original homes. It is this enlarged and philosophic system of comparison which can alone clarify the obscure points of early British history where written documents fail; and we therefore regard this volume as a most important introduction to the history of Saxon England. When we turn to the pages of the ordinary histories, and see how brief and unsatisfactory they are, we feel that there is ample space for a new history before the Norman conquest, for which such works as this pioneer the way.

Mr. Fairholt's labours have been conducted in a similar spirit to the editor's, and he has most scrupulously laboured for truth alone. There is no attempt in his work at meretricious effect; but wherever the grace of Art was requisite it has been called into play; and the jewels are all coloured by hand—so faithfully that we seem to look on the originals; while the plates of beads are equal to water-colour drawings in delicacy of shadow and variety of tint. They are the most perfect things of their kind that have yet appeared. Various processes have been adopted for the proper delineation of the various objects; and while the sharpness of the engraved line defines the minute patterns on the jewels, the softness of aquatint realises the texture of the glass or pottery.

## THE ROYAL PICTURES.

## A FÊTE CHAMPÊTRE.

J. B. Pater, Painter. Pelé, Engraver.  
Size of the Picture, 1 ft. 11 $\frac{1}{2}$  in. by 1 ft. 7 $\frac{1}{2}$  in.

THIS picture, a companion work to the "Flute Player," introduced in the *Art-Journal* of December, 1855, shows in a more remarkable manner than the other the influence which Watteau had on the French school in the time of Louis XVI. It is an elegant example of the style of Art which comes strictly under the denomination of *scène-painting*. The figures are well *mise en scène*, to use a theatrical expression; the characters are effectively grouped, and each plays a carefully-studied part; they are picturesquely costumed, and altogether compose into a very pretty *tableau*, significant of the dames and cavaliers of France in the beginning of the last century. The proper term to apply to the Art of that period is "decorative"; it pleases, but the enjoyment is only transitory; it invites no study, and consequently offers nothing for thought to feed upon; it is brilliant, but its light is of that transient character, with regard to its effect upon the mind, which leaves little else than vague and unsatisfactory results. Hazlitt has written rather a severe censure, yet one not very far from the truth, on the French school generally; his remarks, however, apply, in our opinion, rather to what it was than to what it now is—for the influence of the modern German school may be distinctly recognised in the works of the best artists of France. "The French painters see nature with organs and with minds peculiarly their own. One must be born in France to understand their poetry or their painting. Their productions in Art are either literal or extravagant—dry, frigid facsimiles, in which they seem to take up nature by pin-points, or else vapid, distorted caricatures, out of all rule and compass. They are, in fact, at home only in the light and elegant; and whenever they attempt to add force or solidity (as they must do in the severer productions of the pencil) they are compelled to substitute an excess of minute industry for a comprehension of the whole, or make a desperate mechanical effort at extreme expression, instead of giving the true, natural, and powerful workings of passion."

But those strictures lose much of the *rationale* of the argument, if we consider, as in justice we ought to do, that the Art of every country has a national character: it is the reflex of the people in their habits, thoughts, and customs, and must therefore be criticised with such considerations. One has no right to condemn a style of Art because it does not harmonise with our ideas, nor pronounce it worthless because we are mentally or constitutionally unable to appreciate its excellencies; and there is excellency even in the works of Watteau, Pater, Lancret, Boucher, and others of the same class. The sacred and legendary Art of Papal Italy, the *genre* pictures and the carousing boors of Holland and Flanders, may, even the works of our own school, which possess a distinct nationality, would, upon such evidence, be subject to stricture in countries where they could not be understood; just as the Red Indian, for example, is unable to see any personal beauty except in a face well tattooed, and daubed over with all kinds of colour. Each individual artist, or school of artists, speaks its own thoughts in its own language; and it would be just as reasonable to condemn them for not seeing and feeling as others do, as it would be to be angry with a foreigner who does not address us in our own mother tongue.

The principal defects in the pictures of the French artists, both past and present, with a few exceptions, is an absence of truthfulness and nature; while it is the presence of this most valuable quality in the works of our painters which so surprised, and elicited the applause of, the French critics in the late Exhibition in Paris. Now it is just possible that a number of ladies and gentlemen may have so disposed themselves as they are represented in the "Fête Champêtre"; but the probability is they would not; the artist has therefore erred against truth and nature in this lively but affected composition.

The picture is in the collection at Buckingham Palace: it is painted with much delicacy, and is very harmonious in the tones of its colouring.



FRANCK. SCULPT.

A FÊTE -- CHAMPIGNON.

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE ROYAL COLLECTION

LONDON PUBLISHED FOR THE PROPRIETORS



THE  
MONKS OF THE MIDDLE AGES.\*  
BY THE REV. EDWARD L. CUTTS, B.A.

HAVING thus given a sketch of the history of the various monastic orders in England, we proceed to give some account of the constitution of a convent, taking that of a Benedictine monastery as a type, from which the other orders departed only in minor particulars.

The *convent* is the name especially appropriate to the body of individuals who composed a religious community. These were the body of cloister monks, lay and clerical; the professed brethren, who were also lay and clerical; the clerks; the novices; and the servants and artificers. The servants and artificers were of course taken from the lower ranks of society; all the rest were originally of the most various degrees of rank and social position. We constantly meet with instances of noble men and women, knights and ladies, minstrels and merchants, quitting their secular occupations at various periods of their life, and taking the religious habit; some of them continuing simply professed brethren, others rising to high offices in their order. Scions of noble houses were not unfrequently entered at an early age as novices, either devoted to the religious life by the piety of their parents, or, with more worldly motives, thus provided with a calling and a maintenance; and sometimes considerable interest was used to procure the admittance of novices into the great monasteries. Again, the children of the poor were received into the monastic schools, and such as showed peculiar aptitude were sometimes at length admitted as monks;† and were eligible, and were often chosen, to the highest ecclesiastical dignities.

The whole convent was under the almost absolute rule of the *abbot*. Sometimes he was elected by the convent; sometimes the king or some patron had a share in the election. Frequently there were estates attached to the office, distinct from those of the convent; sometimes the abbot had only an allowance out of the convent estates; but always he had great power over the property of the convent, and bad abbots are frequently accused of wasting the property of the house, and enriching their relatives and friends out of it. The abbots of some of the more important houses were mitred abbots, and were summoned to Parliament. In the time of Henry VIII. twenty-four abbots and the prior of Coventry had seats in the House of Peers.

The abbot did not live in common with his monks; he had a separate establishment of his own within the precincts of the house, sometimes over the entrance gate, called the *Abbot's Lodgings*.‡ He ate in his own hall, slept in his own chamber, had a chapel, or oratory, for his private devotions, and accommodation for a retinue of chaplains and servants. His great duty was to set to his monks an example of observance of the rule, to keep them to its observance, to punish breaches of it, to attend the services in church when not hindered by his other duties, to preach on holy days to the people, to attend chapter and preach on the rule, to act as confessor to the monks. But an abbot was also involved in many secular duties; there were manors of his own, and of the convent's, far and near, which required visiting; and these manors involved the abbot in all the numerous duties which the feudal system devolved upon a lord towards his tenants, and towards his feudal superior. The greater abbots were barons, and sometimes were thus involved in such duties as those of justices in eyre, military leaders of their vassals, peers of Parliament. Hospitality was one of the great monastic virtues. The usual regulation in convents was that the abbot should entertain all guests of gentle degree, while the convent entertained all others. This again found abundance of occupation for my lord abbot in performing all the offices of a courteous host, which seems to have been done in a way becoming his character as a lord of wealth and dignity; his table was bountifully spread, even if he chose to confine

himself to pulse and water; a band of wandering minstrels was always welcome to the abbot's hall to entertain his gentle and fair guests; and his falconer could furnish a cast of hawks, and his forester a leash of hounds, and the lord abbot would not decline to ride by the river or into his manor parks to witness and to share in the sport. A pretty little illustration of this abbatial hospitality occurs in Marie's "Lay of Ywone."\* A baron and his family are travelling in obedience to the royal summons, to keep one of the high festivals at Caerleon. In the course of their journey they stop for a night at a spacious abbey, where they are received with the greatest hospitality. "The good abbot, for the sake of detaining his guests during another day, exhibited to them the whole of the apartments, the dormitory, the refectory, and the chapter-house, in which last they beheld a splendid tomb covered with a superb pall fringed with gold, surrounded by twenty waxen tapers in golden candlesticks, while a vast silver censer constantly burning filled the air with fumes of incense."

An abbot's ordinary habit was the same as that of his monks. In the processions which were made on



A BENEDICTINE ABBOT.

certain great feasts, he held his crozier, and if he were a mitred abbot, he wore his mitre: this was also his parliamentary costume. We here give a beautiful drawing of a Benedictine abbot of St. Alban's, thus habited, from the Catalogus Beneficiorum of that abbey. When the abbot celebrated high mass on certain great festivals, he wore the full episcopal costume. Thomas Delamere, abbot of St. Alban's, is so represented in his magnificent sepulchral brass in that abbey, executed in his lifetime, circa 1375 A.D. Richard Bewerest, abbot of the Augustine canons of Dorchester, Oxfordshire, has a brass in



BENEDICTINE ABBESS AND NUN.

that church, date circa 1520 A.D., representing him in episcopal costume, barcheaded, with his staff; and in the same church is an incised gravestone, represent-

\* Continued from p. 315.

† "On the foundation," as we say now of colleges and endowed schools.

‡ Just as heads of colleges now have their Master's, or Provost's, or Principal's Lodge. The constitution of our existing colleges will assist those who are acquainted with them in understanding many points of monastic economy.

\* Ellis's "Early English Romance."

ing Abbot Roger, circa 1510 A.D., in full episcopal vestments. Abbesses wore the crozier in addition to the ordinary costume of their order. The sepulchral brass of Elizabeth Harvey, abbess of the Benedictine Abbey of Elstow, Bedfordshire, circa 1530 A.D., is thus represented in the church of that place. We here give a representation of a Benedictine abbess from the fourteenth century MS. Royal, 2 B. vii.

Under the abbot were a number of officials (*obedientiarii*), the chief of whom were the Prior, Precentor, Cellarer, Sacrist, Hospitaller, Infirmary, Almoner, Master of the Novices, Porter, Kitchener, Seneschal, &c. It was only in large monasteries that all these officers were to be found; in the smaller houses one monk would perform the duties of several offices. The officers seem to have been elected by the convent, subject to the approval of the abbot, by whom they might be deposed. Some brief notes of the duties of these obedientiaries will serve to give a considerable insight into the economy of a convent. And first for the *Prior*:

In some orders there was only one abbey, and all the other houses were priories, as in the Clugnac, the Gilbertine, and in the Military and the Mendicant orders. In all the orders there were abbeys, which had had distant estates granted to them, on which either the donor had built a house, and made it subject to the abbey; or the abbey had built a house for the management of the estates, and the celebration of divine and charitable offices upon them. These priories varied in size, from a mere cell containing a prior and two monks, to an establishment as large as an abbey; and the dignity and power of the prior varied from that of a mere steward of the distant estate of the parent house, to that of an autocratic head, only nominally dependent on the parent house, and himself in everything but name an abbot.

The majority of the female houses of the various orders (except those which were especially female orders, like the Brigittines, &c.) were kept subject to some monastery, so that the superiors of these houses usually bore only the title of prioress, though they had the power of an abbess in the internal discipline of the house. One cannot forbear to quote at least a portion of Chaucer's very beautiful description of his prioress, who was among the Canterbury pilgrims, "That of her smiling ful simple was and coy." She sang the divine service sweetly; she spoke French correctly, though with accent which savoured of the Benedictine convent at Stratford-le-Bow, where she had been educated, rather than of Paris; she behaved with lady-like delicacy at table; she was cheerful of mood, and amiable; with a pretty affectation of courtly breeding, and a care to exhibit a reverend stately becoming her office:

"But for to spoken of her conscience,  
She was so charitable and so piteous,  
She would wepe if that she saw a mouse  
Caught in a trappe, if it were dead or bled;  
Of smale hounds had she that she fed  
With rosted flesh, and milk, and wastel bread;  
But sore wept she if one of them were dead,  
Or if men smote it with a yerdé smert,  
And all was conscience and tendre herte.  
Ful semely her wimpyle ypinched was;  
Her nose tretis,\* her eyen grey as glass,  
Her mouth full smail, and thereto soft and red,  
And sickly she had a fayre forehead—  
It was almost a spanne broad I trow,  
And hardly she was not undergrow."†

Her habit was becoming, and she wore on her arm a set of beads of red coral gauded with green, to which was hung a jewel of gold, on which was—

"Written a crowned A,  
And after, *Amor vincit omnia*.  
Another nun also with her had she,  
That was her chappelaine, and priests three."

But in abbeys the chief of the Obedientiaries was styled prior; and we cannot, perhaps, give a better idea of his functions than by borrowing a naval analogy, and calling him the abbot's first lieutenant—for, like that officer in a ship, the prior at all times carried on the internal discipline of the convent, and in the abbot's absence he was his vicegerent; wielding all the abbot's powers, except those of making or deposing obedientiaries, and consecrating novices. He had a suite of apartments of his own, called the prior's chamber, or the prior's lodging; he could leave the house for a day or two on the business of the house, and had horses and servants appropriated to his uses; whenever he entered the

\* Long and well proportioned.

† She was of tall stature.

monks present rose out of respect; some little licence in diet was allowed him in refectory, and he might also have refreshment in his own apartments; sometimes he entertained guests of a certain condition in his prior's chamber. In large convents he was assisted by a sub-prior.

The *Sub-prior* was the prior's deputy, sharing his duties in his residence, and fulfilling them in his absences. The especial functions appropriated to him seem to have been to say grace at dinner and supper, to see that all the doors were locked at five in the evening, and keep the keys until five next morning; and, by sleeping near the dormitory door, and by making private search, to prevent wandering about at night. In large monasteries there were additional sub-priors. Neither the prior, nor indeed any of the obedientiaries, wore any distinctive dress or badge of office.

The *Chantor*, or *Precentor*, appears to come next in order and dignity, since we are told that he was censured after the abbot and prior. He was choir-master; taught music to the monks and novices; and arranged and ruled everything which related to the conduct of divine service. His place in church was in the middle of the choir on the right side; he held an instrument in his hand, as modern leaders use a baton; and his side of the choir commenced the chant. He was besides librarian, and keeper of the archives, and keeper of the abbey seal.

He was assisted by a *Succentor*, who sat on the left side of the choir, and led that half of the choir in service. He assisted the chantor, and in his absence undertook his duties.

The *Cellarer* was in fact the steward of the house; his modern representative is the bursar of a college. He had the care of everything relating to the provision of the food and vessels of the convent. He was exempt from the observance of some of the services in church; he had the use of horses and servants for the fulfilment of his duties, and sometimes appears to have had separate apartments. The cellarer, as we have said, wore no distinctive dress or badge; but in the Catalogus Benefactorum



ADAM CELLARIUS. NERO D. VII.

of the Benedictine Abbey of St. Alban's, there occurs a portrait of one "Adam Cellarius," who for his distinguished merit had been buried among the abbots in the chapter-house, and had his name and effigy recorded in the Catalogus; he is holding two keys in one hand and a purse in the other, the symbols of his office; and in his quaint features—so different from those of the dignified abbot whom we have given from the same book—the limner seems to have given us the type of a business-like and not unjovial cellarer.

The *Sacrist*, or *Sacristan* (whence our word *sexton*), had the care and charge of the fabric, and furniture, and ornaments of the church, and generally of all the material appliances of divine service. He, or some one in his stead, slept in a chamber built for him in the church, in order to protect it during the night. There is such a chamber in St. Alban's Abbey Church, engraved in the *Builder* for August, 1856. There was often a sub-sacrist to assist the sacrist in his duties.

The duty of the *Hospitaller* was, as his name implies, to perform the duties of hospitality on behalf of the convent. The monasteries received all travellers to food and lodging for a day and a night as of right, and for a longer period if the prior saw reason to grant it.\* A special hall was provided for the entertainment of these guests, and chambers for their accommodation. The *hospitaller* performed the part of host on behalf of the convent, saw to the accommodation of the guests who belonged to the convent, introduced into the refectory strange priests or others who desired and had leave to dine there, and ushered guests of degree to the abbot to be entertained by him. He showed the church and house at suitable times to guests whose curiosity prompted the desire.

Every abbey had an infirmary, which was usually a detached building, with its own kitchen and chapel, besides suitable apartments for the sick, and for aged monks, who sometimes took up their permanent residence in the infirmary, and were excused irksome duties, and allowed indulgences in food and social intercourse. Not only the sick monks, but other sick folk were received into the infirmary; it is a very common incident in mediæval romances to find a wounded knight carried to a neighbouring monastery to be healed. The officer who had charge of everything relating to this department was styled the *Infirmary*. He slept in the infirmary, was excused from some of the hours, had two brethren to assist him besides the necessary servants, and often a clerk learned in pharmacy as physician.

The *Almoner* had charge of the distribution of the alms of the house. Sometimes money was left by benefactors to be distributed to the poor annually at their obits; the distribution of this was confided to the almoner. One of his men attended in the abbot's chamber when he had guests, to receive what alms they chose to give to the poor. Moneys belonging to the convent were also devoted to this purpose; besides food and drink, the surplus of the convent meals. He had assistants allowed him to go and visit the sick and infirm folk of the neighbourhood. And at Christmas he provided cloth and shoes for widows, orphans, poor clerks, and others whom he thought to need it most.

The *Master of the novices* was a grave and learned monk, who acted as pedagogue to the youths in the schools of the abbey, and taught the rule to those who were candidates for the monastic profession.

The *Porter* was an officer of some importance; he was chosen for his age and gravity; he had an apartment in the gate lodge, an assistant, and a lad to run on his messages. But sometimes the porter seems to have been a layman. And, in small houses and in nunneries, his office involved other duties, which we have seen in great abbeys distributed among a number of officials. Thus, in Marie's "Lay le Fraine," we read of the porter of an abbey of nuns:—

"The porter of the abbey arose,  
And did his office in the close;  
Rung the bells, and tapers light,  
Laid forth books and all ready dight.  
The church door he undid," &c.:

and in the sequel it appears that he had a daughter, and therefore in all probability was a layman.

The *Kitchener*, or *cook*, was usually a monk, and, as his name implies, he ruled in the kitchen, went to market, provided the meals of the house, &c.

The *Seneschall* in great abbeys was often a layman of rank, who did the secular business which the tenure of large estates, and consequently of secular offices, devolved upon abbots and convents; such as holding manorial courts, and the like.

But there was, Fosbroke tells us, another officer with the same name, but of inferior dignity, who did the convent business of the prior and cellarer which was to be done out of the house; and, when at home, carried a rod and acted as marshal of the guest-hall. He had horses and servants allowed for the duties of his office, and at the Benedictine Abbey of Winchcombe he had a robe of clerk's

\* "And as touching the almesse that they (the monks) delt, and the hospitality that they kept, every man knoweth that many thousands were well received of them, and might have been better, if they had not so many great men's horse to fede, and had not bin overcharged with such idle gentlemen as were never out of the abbes (abbeys)." A complaint made to Parliament not long after the dissolution, quoted in Coke's *Institutes*.

cloth once a year, with lamb's fur for a supertunie, and for a hood of budge fur; he had the same commons in hall as the cellarer, and £2 every year at Michaelmas. Probably an officer of this kind was Alan Middleton, who is recorded in the



ALAN MIDDLETON.

Catalogus of St. Alban's as "collector of rents of the obedientiaries of that monastery, and especially of those of the bursar." *Prudenter in omnibus se agebat*, and so, deserving well of the house, they put a portrait of him among their benefactors, clothed in a blue robe, of "clerk's cloth" perhaps, furred at the wrists and throat with "lamb's fur" or "budge fur;" a small tonsure denotes him as a monastic officer, the penner and inkhorn at his girdle denote the nature of his office; and he is just opening the door of one of the abbey tenants to perform his unwelcome function. They were grateful men, these Benedictines of St. Alban's; they have immortalized another of their inferior officers, Walterus de Hamntesham, *fidelis minister hujus ecclesie*, because on one occasion he received a beating at the hands of the rabble of St. Alban's—*inter villanos Sci Albani*—while standing up for the rights and liberties of the church.



WALTERUS DE HAMNTESHAM ATTACKED BY A MOB.

Next in dignity after the obedientiaries come the *Cloister Monks*; of these some had received holy orders at the hands of the bishop, some not. Their number was limited. A cloister monk in a rich abbey seems to have been something like in dignity to the fellow of a modern college, and a good deal of interest was sometimes employed to obtain the admission of a youth as a novice, with a view to his ultimately arriving at this dignified degree. Next in order come the *Professed Brethren*. These seem to be monks who had not been elected to the dignity of cloister monks; some of them were admitted late in life. Those monks who had been brought up in the house were called *nutriti*, those who came later in life *conversi*; the lay brothers were also called *conversi* sometimes. There were again the *Novices*, who were not all necessarily young, for a *conversus*

passed through a novitiate; and even a monk of another order, or of another house of their own order, and even a monk from a cell of their own house, was reckoned among the novices. There were also the *Chaplains* of the abbot and other high officials; and frequently there were other clerics living in the monastery, who served the chantries in the abbey church, and in churches and chapels which belonged to the monastery and were in its neighbourhood. Again, there were the *Artificers and Servants* of the monastery: millers, bakers, tailors, shoemakers, smiths, and similar artificers, were often a part of a monastic establishment.\* And there were numerous men-servants, grooms, and the like: these were all under certain vows, and were kept under discipline. In the great abbey of St. Edmund's Bury, in the time of Edward I., there were eighty monks; fifteen chaplains attendant on the abbot and chief officers; about one hundred and eleven servants in the various offices, chiefly residing within the walls of the monastery; forty priests, officiating in the several chapels, chantries, and monastic appendages in the town; and an indefinite number of professed brethren.

In the Cistercian abbey of Waverley there were in 1187 A.D., seventy monks and one hundred and twenty *conversi*, besides priests, clerks, servants, &c. But it was only a few of the larger houses which had such numerous establishments as these; the majority of the monasteries contained from five to twenty cloister monks. Some of the monasteries were famous as places of education, and we must add to their establishment a number of children of good family, and the learned clerks or ladies who acted as tutors; thus the abbey of St. Mary, Winchester, in 1536, contained twenty-six nuns, five priests, thirteen lay sisters, thirty-two officers and servants, and twenty-six children, daughters of lords and knights, who were brought up in the house.

We should hardly have a complete view of the population of a monastery if we neglected to notice that many of them had hospitals of poor men and women attached to them, generally either within the precincts or near adjoining. Thus at St. Edmund's Bury there was St. John's Hospital, or God's House, without the south gate, and St. Nicholas' Hospital without the east gate, and St. Peter's Hospital without the Risby Gate, and St. Saviour's Hospital without the north gate,—all founded by abbots of St. Edmund's. At Reading there was the Hospital of St. Mary Magdalene for twelve leprous persons and chaplains, and the Hospital of St. Lawrence for twenty-six poor people, and for the entertainment of strangers and pilgrims, both founded by abbots of Reading. One at the gate of Fountains' Abbey for poor persons and travellers; one at Glastonbury, under the care of



BEDESME. TEMP. HEN. VII.

the almoner, for poor and infirm persons. Thirteen was a very favourite number for the inmates of a

hospital. From the initial letter of a deed in the British Museum (Harl. 1498), by which King Henry VII. founded a fraternity of thirteen poor men in Westminster Abbey, who were to be under the governance of the monks, we take the accompanying illustration, which represents the abbot and monks before the king, with a group of the king's bedesmen, each of whom has the royal badge, a rose surmounted by a crown, on the shoulder of his habit.

And lastly, there were a number of persons of all ranks and conditions, who were admitted to fraternity. Among the Hospitalers (and probably it was the same with the other orders), they took oath to love the house and brethren, to defend the house from ill-doers, to enter that house if they did enter any, and to make an annual present to the house: in return they were enrolled in the register of the house, they received the prayers of the brethren, and at death were buried in the cemetery. In the book of St. Alban's, which we have before quoted, there is a list of many persons, knights and merchants, ladies and children, vicars and rectors, received *ad fraternitatem hujus monasterii*; in many cases portraits of them are given: they are in the ordinary costume of their time and class, without any badge of their monastic fraternization.

We proceed next to give some account of the buildings which compose the fabric of a monastery. And first as to the site. The orders of the Benedictine family preferred sites as secluded and remote from towns and villages as possible. The Augustinian orders did not cultivate seclusion so strictly; their houses are not unfrequently near towns and villages, and sometimes a portion of their conventional church—the nave, generally—formed the parish church. The Friaries, Colleges of secular canons, and Hospitals, were generally in or near the towns. There is a popular idea that the monks chose out the most beautiful and fertile spots in the kingdom for their abodes; a little reflection would show that the choice of the site of a new monastery must be confined within the limits of the lands which the founder was pleased to bestow upon the convent. Sometimes the founder gave a good manor, and gave money besides, to help them to build their house upon it; sometimes it was a tract of unclaimed land, upon which the first handful of monks squatted like settlers in a new country. Even the settled land, in those days, was only half cultivated, and on good land, unclaimed or only half reclaimed, the skill and energy of a company of first-rate farmers would soon produce great results; barren commons would be dotted over with sheep, and rushy meadows would become rich pasture covered with cattle, and great clearings in the forest would grow green with rye and barley. The revenues of the monastic estates would rapidly augment; but little of them would be required for the coarse dress and frugal rustic fare of the monks; they did not, like the lay land-owners, spend them on gilded armour and jewelled robes, and troops of armed retainers, and tournaments, and journeys to court; and so they had enough for plentiful charity and unrestricted hospitality, and the surplus they spent upon those magnificent buildings whose very ruins are among the architectural glories of the land. The Cistercians had an especial rule that their houses should be built on the lowest possible sites, in token of humility; but it was the general custom in the middle ages to choose low and sheltered sites for houses which were not especially intended as strongholds, and therefore it is that we find nearly all monasteries in sheltered spots. To the monks the neighbourhood of a stream was of especial importance, when headed up it supplied a pond for their fish, and water-power for their corn-mill. If, therefore, there were within the limits of their domain a quiet valley with a rivulet running through it, that was the site which the monks would select for their house. And here, beside the rivulet, in the midst of the green pasture land of the valley dotted with sheep and kine, shut in from the world by the hills, whose tops were fringed with the forest which stretched for miles around, the stately buildings of the monastery would rise year after year; the cloister court, and the great church, and the abbot's lodge, and the numerous offices, all surrounded by a stone wall with a stately gate-tower, like a goodly walled town, and a suburban hamlet of labourers and servants' cottages sheltering beneath its walls.

There was a certain plan for the arrangement of the principal buildings of a monastery, which, with minor variations, was followed by nearly all the monastic orders, except the Carthusians, and, perhaps, the small communities of Augustinian eremites. These latter differed from the other orders in this, that each monk had his separate cell, in which he lived, and ate, and slept apart from the rest, the whole community meeting only in church and chapter.\* Our limits will not permit us to enter into exceptional arrangements.

The nucleus of a monastery was the cloister court; it was a quadrangular space of green sward, around which were arranged the cloister buildings, viz., the church, the chapter-house, the refectory, and the dormitory. The court was called the Paradise—the blessed garden in which its inmates passed their lives of holy peace. A porter was often placed at the cloister-gate, and the monks might not quit its seclusion, nor strangers enter to disturb its quiet, save under exceptional circumstances.

The cloister-court had generally, though it is doubtful whether it was always the case, a covered ambulatory round its four sides. The ambulatories of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries have usually an open arcade on the side facing the court, which supports the groined roof. In the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, instead of an open arcade, we usually find a series of large traceried windows, tolerably close together; in many cases they were glazed, sometimes with painted glass, and formed doubtless a grand series of scriptural or historical paintings; the blank wall opposite was also sometimes painted. This covered ambulatory was not merely a promenade for the monks, it was the place in which the convent assembled regularly every day, at certain hours, for study and meditation; and in some instances (e.g. at Durham) a portion of it was fitted up with little wooden closets for studies for the elder monks, with book-cupboards on the wall opposite for books. The monks were sometimes buried in the cloister, either under the turf in the open square, or beneath the pavement of the ambulatory. There was sometimes a fountain at the corner of the cloister, near the entrance to the refectory, at which the monks washed before meals.

The church was always the principal building of a monastery, many of them remain entire, though despoiled of the shrines and tombs, and altars, and costly furniture, and many more remain in ruins, and they fill us with astonishment at their magnitude and splendour. Our existing cathedrals were, in fact, abbey churches; nine or ten of them were the churches of Benedictine monasteries, the remainder of secular Augustines. But these, the reader may imagine, had the wealth of bishops lavished upon them, and may not be therefore fair examples of ordinary abbey churches. But some of them were originally merely abbey churches, and were subsequently made Episcopal sees, such as Beverley, Gloucester, Christ Church Oxford, and Peterborough, which were originally Benedictine abbey churches; Bristol was the church of a house of regular canons; Ripon was the church of a college of secular canons. The Benedictine churches of Westminster and St. Alban's, and the collegiate church of Southwell, are equal in magnitude and splendour to any of the cathedrals; and the ruins of Fountains, and Tintern, and Netley, show that the Cistercians equalled any of the other orders in the splendour of their churches.

It is indeed hard to conceive that communities of a score or two of monks should have built such edifices as Westminster and Southwell, as private chapels attached to their monasteries. No, it is not so. This is one aspect of the fact, but it is not the true one: they did not build them for private chapels to say their daily prayers in; they built them for temples to the eternal and Almighty, to whose contemplation and worship they had devoted their lives. They did not think of the church as an appendage to their monastery, but of their monastery as an appendage to the church—the cloister under the shadow and protection of the temple was the court in which its priests and levites dwelt. †

\* An account of the arrangements of a Carthusian monastery may be found in a paper on the Carthusian priory of Mount Grace, near Thirsk, which was read by Archdeacon Churton before the Yorkshire Architectural Society, in the year 1850.

† To be continued.

## THE ROYAL PICTURES.

ST. LUKE PAINTING THE VIRGIN.  
E. Steinle, Painter. L. Stocks, A.R.A., Engraver.  
Size of the Picture 5 ft. 10 $\frac{1}{2}$  in. by 4 ft. 4 $\frac{1}{2}$  in.

AN opinion prevails very generally in England, among many who hear of the modern painters of Germany, but are unacquainted with their works, that their usual character is dry, conventional, and altogether unlike those of other countries. This is true to a certain extent only: many of the most distinguished German artists are undoubtedly amenable to this charge; they regard less the manner than the matter of their pictures, and aspire to attain excellence in expression, sentiment, and spirituality, rather than in poetical conception and richness of colouring.

Edward Steinle is a native of Vienna. He it is who, with Kupelweiser and Fübrich, has a reputation among the most popular German painters of sacred subjects. He studied in his native city till about the year 1828, when he left it for Italy, returning in 1834. During his residence in Rome, where he formed an intimate acquaintance with Overbeck, he commenced a large picture of the "Descent from the Cross," which was not completed till some years after; "St. Ignatius and the Virgin Mary," a work of smaller dimensions; "St. Alphonse de Liguori," and some others. "One of his most remarkable works," says Count Raczynski, in his "Histoire de l'Art Moderne en Allemagne," "is the 'History of Sta. Maria, the Egyptian,' in the style of Giotto's 'St. Anthony and St. Paul,' at Campo Santo." On Steinle's return to Vienna he painted the "Five Angels of the Apocalypse," "Nathan before David," "Jacob wrestling with the Angel," and "St. Luke painting the Virgin"—a work of the highest quality, fine in conception and execution.

We object to the name which Steinle has given to the very charming picture here engraved. If he had adopted some such title as, "One of the Old Painters studying the living models for a picture of the Virgin and Infant Jesus," it would have been more appropriate. Its present title is not a "truth," and therefore would assuredly call down upon the head of the offending artist the wrath of Mr. Ruskin, who calls Raffaello's glorious cartoon of the "Charge to Peter" a "monstrosity and hypocrisy," because the fishermen of Galilee are not wearing the clothes in which they are presumed to have been dressed amid the "sea-mists and on the slimy decks." Steinle's picture is even fuller of "mistakes" than Raffaello's. First, St. Luke was a physician, and not a painter: the report of his being the latter originated with Nicophorus Callisti, a writer of the fourteenth century, but it is not known on what authority, and is now justly exploded as destitute of foundation and countenanced by no ancient authority. Secondly, supposing him to have been an artist, it is evident he could not have been acquainted with Mary as a young virgin mother, and with Christ as an infant—for St. Luke went with St. Paul to Rome, A.D. 63, where he remained two years. Again, the accessories show more than one anachronism: the covering of the table is a modern Venetian carpet, and the vase with flowers in it is glass of a comparatively recent date as regards form.

Apart, however, from these considerations, Steinle's picture is, as the German critic observes, "a work of the highest quality." The face of the Virgin is exquisitely beautiful, soft in expression, and truly feminine. The child is a lovely representation of infancy: these two figures are skilfully grouped. St. Luke is seen in profile—a fine manly figure, whose head, strongly marked with the Jewish expression of feature, is brought out in bold relief against the sky. The colouring of the work is very rich and powerful. The Evangelist wears a dark green coat, or tunic, over which is a dark crimson robe; the Virgin is clothed in a light greyish-blue robe, beneath which is seen a portion of a scarlet dress; the curtain is rich brown, except that part immediately behind the Virgin, which is red, embroidered with gold; the ground of the table-cover is green, corresponding, or nearly so, with the tunic of St. Luke; and the sky is tinged with the golden hue of evening.

The picture is in the collection at Osborne.

BOARD OF TRADE BUILDINGS  
ON THE KENSINGTON GORE ESTATE.

AT the close of the Exhibition of 1851, various objects contained in the four sections of raw produce—Manufactures, Machinery, and Fine Arts—were presented to the Commission by their exhibitors and owners. These were temporarily housed in the venerable palace at Kensington, with the exception of the Colebrook Dale gates, valued at £1500—an example, of some mark, of a subject's gift to the Crown, for which an appropriate place was at once found on the south side of Kensington Gardens. The collection thus formed comprised examples of great interest and utility to the public: such as arranged collections from different localities of special materials and vegetable produce, and of novel natural substances offering additions to our materials of commerce; also models of improvements in machinery, and specimens of manufacture, and some few Fine Art works, chiefly, however, illustrative of the latter class. Since the closing of the Exhibition, these have not been available to the public. Partly for the purpose of receiving these specimens under such arrangements as to give the public the full advantage of them, the museum building at the Brompton end of the Kensington Gore estate was proposed, and £15,000 voted by Parliament. This edifice is now enclosed and covered in. Its area is 266 feet by 126: the height being 50 feet in the centre of the three longitudinal arches that, side by side, form the roof. A gallery of a third of the width along the sides, and somewhat less at the ends, at 20 feet from the floor, surrounds the interior, leaving an area in the centre of 210 feet by 42 of the full height of the building. The structure is of iron and glass. From the appearance it presents towards the south, it has been christened by some of our contemporaries "the Brompton Boilers," and with every desire to be favourable, we are sorry not to be able to say anything to mitigate the sarcasm. The exterior has neither novelty nor beauty to recommend it. We hope, therefore, no sacrifices having been made to obtain these qualities, that utility and special aptness for its purpose have been attained in the interior—of which, however, we do not feel confident.

Viewing with great interest the steps taken by the sanction of Government in the development of Art in connection with the substantial interests of the country and general education, we would much rather have to give praise than withhold it; and we cannot but view it as peculiarly unfortunate that the first structure presented to the public at Kensington, by what may be viewed as the Government Department of "Taste," should afford so little evidence of that quality, and that it should not be in advance (to say the best of it) of an average "railway terminus."

We take this opportunity, however, as regards the late progress of iron and glass architecture generally, to express our surprise at the little advance it has made, in an artistic point of view, since its first general use in railway stations, and in the Exhibition building in 1851, notwithstanding that the materials lend themselves readily to the utmost scope of form. When we look, for instance, through the pages of such a work as Mr. Ferguson's illustrated epitome of architecture of all climes and times,—which every artist should possess,—we behold a vast variety of outline, which these crystalline materials might well rival by modified imitation. When we turn from these to our practice, even in the Sydenham Palace, we see but repetitions of the familiar flat roof and transept. Not a minaret or dome of novel or beautiful character rises in the air to vary the sky-line, or give interest to the edifice; and this, although iron and glass possess far greater capabilities for attaining that lightness and freedom of effect usually sought in such enhancements of a structure, than the more ponderous materials at the disposal of the architect of former times. We should be glad also to see stone, and brick, and marble more intimately combined as a style with iron and glass. For instance, although the Kensington Gore Museum might appropriately have had an iron roof and galleries, it should have had a stone front, and at least stone and brick walls. The Sydenham Palace would have been better if more stone and brick and less iron had been used in

its construction, and would then have been in truer harmony with the stone terraces, balustrades, and granite steps which lead up to it. These remarks indicate an apology for the "Brompton Boilers," only in as far as they show that they have companions in their shortcomings. We had much rather, however, have had to point to them as an honourable exception from the general want of progress we observe in this respect throughout the country.

But to return to Kensington:—Besides a selected portion of the contributions presented to the 1851 exhibition, the museum building will afford space for the collection of specimens of ornamental Art belonging to the department, and formerly exhibited in Marlborough House; also for the newly acquired "Soulage" collection, &c.; and we have heard reports of the probability of more than one addition of collections of the highest value in Art to the interest this spot will hold out to the public; but we refrain from placing these before our readers at present, as the arrangements in regard to them are in neither case as yet completed; we shall, however, watch any movements that may occur, and report proceedings for the information of our subscribers.

In immediate connection with the museum building, not however opening out in the same direction, but abutting against the "Exhibition road" (one of the two great ways leading from Hyde Park in the direction of Brompton), the special schools of instruction of the department are being erected. Some of these are mere removals, consisting of apartments originally but temporarily constructed at Marlborough House, and now re-erected identically in their new situations. They consist of class-rooms, store-rooms for casts and examples, lecture-rooms, &c. To these are annexed such additions as improved facilities in Science and Art are hourly affording; and among these is to be a special apartment for photography. The Sappers and Miners (under the peaceful influence of Art) are turning, indeed, "the sword into the reap-hook," and make excellent photographers. Church, who accompanied Dr. Barth on his journey to Timbuctoo, is now among the corps retained at the new structure—and this is not a bad instance of the readiness the department has to gather round it people of intelligence in various ways.

From what we have said it may be noticed that the buildings of the museum and schools now in course of completion are of a somewhat temporary character, and to be viewed rather as an experimental than a permanent nucleus of arrangement. In one broad regard they claim praise: the policy of the administration being to group in one scheme, and locate together, scholastic instruction with those objects of Art, from the lowest to the highest class, as will best serve to illustrate the various departments to which the student's attention may be directed.

Viewing as a whole the establishment of the Museum and Schools at present forming on a corner of the Kensington Gore estate, it presents itself to us, under existing circumstances, as affording a trial, voluntary or involuntary, of that locality for Art-purposes; and we cannot but perceive that the eventual development, on this site, of the scheme of Art and Science, for which it has been proposed, may be much influenced by the hold the early administration of it may take on the public. We have no doubt that the intelligent heads that have the practical direction of the department are fully alive to this view of the question, and of the importance in this respect of the steps they are about to take. That these will be judicious and energetic we have little doubt. For this they possess the advantage this year of having no Paris exhibition to prevent them from concentrating their undivided attention on the subject before them. Beside, but hand in hand with, the more special and obvious duties of their office, their policy will be, doubtless, to enhance the public interest of their establishment by every legitimate means within their power, and to accustom the public to the association of Art with the locality they now occupy. We have registered our belief in this being the best that has been suggested for the large Scheme for which it was originally purchased; and we have good hopes that the steps to lead the public to fully recognise this will be taken with due thought and discrimination.



L. STOCKS, A.R.A.

ST. LUKE PAINTING THE VIRGIN.

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE ROYAL COLLECTION

LONDON: PUBLISHED FOR THE PROPRIETOR.



THE CRYSTAL PALACE,  
AS A TEACHER OF ART AND ART-MANUFACTURE.

PART V.

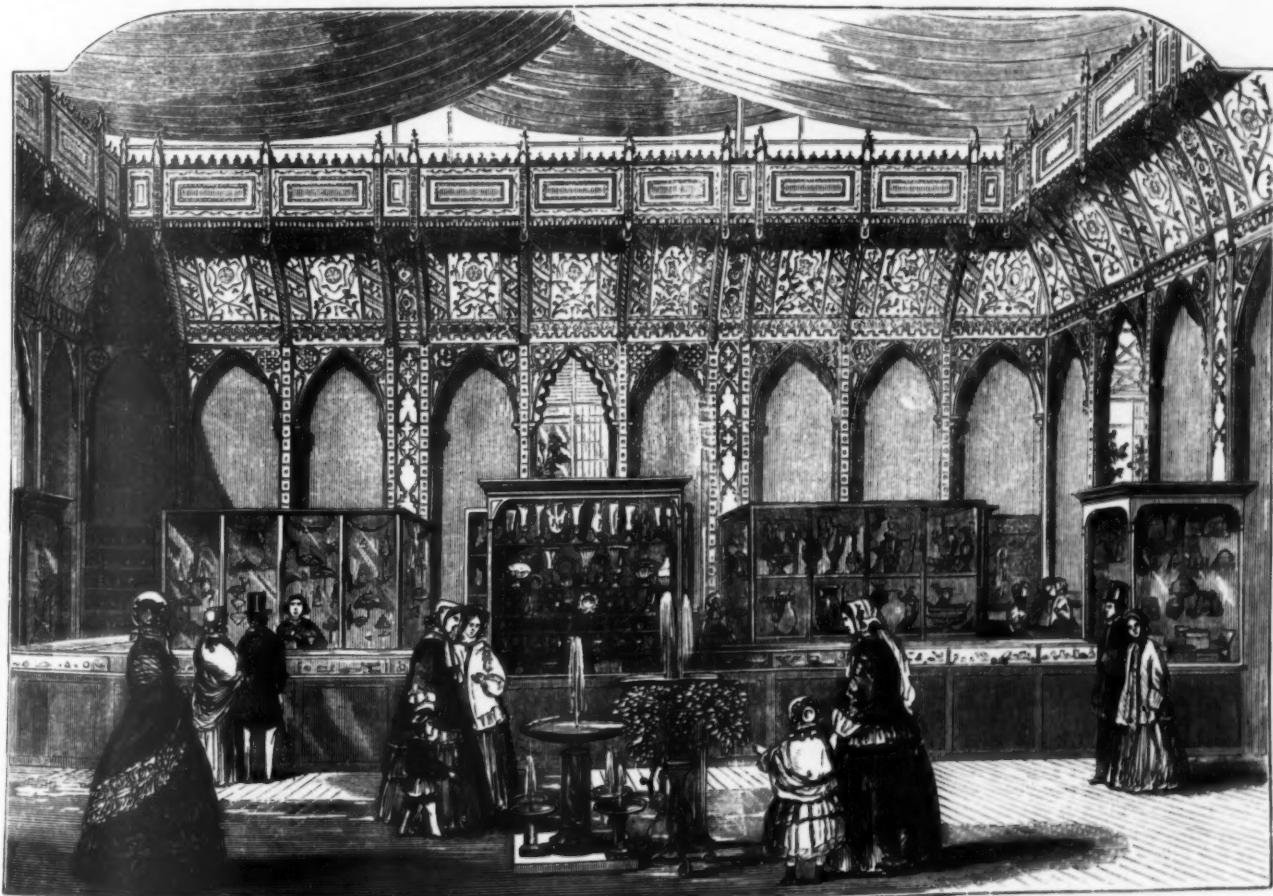
We last month made some reference to the Crystal Palace as a means of wholesome and rational enjoyment to the working classes, and expressed a hope that means would be devised thus to minister to their pleasure and instruction. The proposal has been in a measure tested, and with entire success. Early in September the "Early Closing Association," by their excellent and indefatigable secretary, Mr. John Lilwall, resolved upon illustrating the practical working of the "Saturday Half-holiday Movement" (a branch of the Association), by issuing an invitation to all who were thus indulged to meet at the Crystal Palace, and to spend there the afternoon and evening of the day. The result was an assemblage of people approaching twenty thousand; and it was most gratifying to note the good order, steady procedure, and close observation that prevailed throughout the masses thus brought together for recreation. Nothing whatever occurred to disturb the harmony of the occasion: it was an experiment which must be an example—for, while there was ample evidence that all parties were amused, it was certain also that the great purpose of education was at the same time advanced. It is to be recollect that this assemblage was not, strictly speaking, one of "the working classes,"—a large majority of those present were the young men and women employed in warehouses, and shops, and offices in the cities of London and Westminster, and the suburbs of both. But it is on this very account that the meeting is especially cheering. In the early stages of the Early Closing Movement, the great obstacle encountered by the committee—and by Mr. Lilwall, who then, as now, was its earnest advocate—was the argument, generally based on conviction, that if young men were released from labour before nature

became exhausted, the hours placed at their disposal would be misspent, to say the least—perhaps spent in evil company and dissipation. This difficulty it was almost impossible to overcome. Attention was continually directed to the many changes that had taken place of late years, by which young men were afforded opportunities of passing evening hours profitably at societies and institutions, established in every district of the metropolis and throughout the kingdom, and that social habits had become far more rational than they used to be. A concession, alike demanded by policy and necessity, was withheld on the ground that it *might* be abused. Happily this opinion, if not entirely gone, has been materially altered: proof has been had that instead of the young persons who have been released from over toil abusing the indulgence, the hours placed at their disposal have been used to obtain information, rest, or agreeable and innocuous pleasure—pleasure being, we believe, as necessary to life as food or sleep. And the latest fact to be recorded, that of eighteen or nineteen thousand persons meeting at the Crystal Palace without the occurrence of a single instance of broil or even confusion, will go far to remove all doubts that the Saturday half-holiday, and the "closing" at reasonable hours, are boons that may be accorded without the least danger to, at all events, one of the parties interested in the discussion of the subject. To us it is clear that the employer, as well as the employed, will be benefited by a change we confidently expect to be ere long universal throughout Great Britain. But this is not the place in which this view is to be advocated; we may content ourselves with reference to the proceedings at the Crystal Palace on the Saturday evening referred to, as affording indubitable proof that the working classes may be safely trusted to seek for themselves occupations for hours of leisure after labour, and as evidence that in the Crystal Palace the country possesses a teacher more effective for good than any that can be appointed by the legislature.

We earnestly hope the Directors will adopt some plan by which their "school" shall, on the afternoon of every Saturday throughout the year, be placed in a measure at the disposal of young men and women, such as those who studied there on the Saturday in question.

We cannot lay too much stress on the improving influences exercised in every part of this wonderful structure: the gardens, redolent of health, are pregnant with instruction; the plants and exotics collected within are of the rarest interest—here are the palm-tree, the cotton-tree, the sugar-cane, the tea-plant, and a thousand other productions of ever-beautiful nature, each one of them an instructor. Birds of various countries are seen in their brilliant plumage; the water contains abundant examples of aquatic marvels—an aquarium, in extent and variety unparalleled in the world, "within doors." The several Model Courts, the Industrial-Arts' Courts, the sculpture everywhere, and especially the Picture Galleries, are teachers of incalculable value at the present moment, when even the very humblest orders are learning something concerning the sources of that pleasure which is derived from beauty, and are gradually acquiring a power to appreciate excellence in Art. On the occasion to which these remarks principally refer, there was no part of the Palace so continually thronged as the Picture Gallery, nor was there any portion of the immense treasure submitted to the gaze everywhere, from which the people appeared to derive so much enjoyment.

The Crystal Palace, therefore, becomes daily more and more a great instructor of the public; and if the nation be called upon to adopt this means of enlightening while gratifying the people, the nation will only discharge its duty by answering such an appeal. There is no way in which a parliamentary grant could be so beneficially expended; and if some member of the House would boldly propose a measure of the kind, we feel assured of its being warmly responded to.



THE FOREIGN COURT, CRYSTAL PALACE.

The Court we introduce on this page is named THE FOREIGN COURT, and it is made in some degree to answer its design:—to which is brought, and

where may be examined, the minor Art-productions of the Continent: of a surety, however, it is not yet what it may become, for its contents are of a very

secondary order—the object being less to show than to sell. Nevertheless, it is well filled with curious and interesting objects—the produce, chiefly, of

Germany and France; and, regarded as a private speculation for profit, the Court is not unsatisfactory.

The Director here is Mr. Holt: it is, we believe, his establishment; and its contents are very varied. To enumerate a few of them:—fanciful inkstands in great variety; jewel-trays; articles in which the "coque de perle" is advantageously introduced; caskets, fitted for work, perfumes, &c. cigars; jewellery, real and imitative; enamel paintings, mounted as brooches, &c.; flexible band bracelets; carved ivories from Dieppe and Frankfort; the oil-prints of Baxter, and coloured lithographs; scent-bottles; filagree-work; tortoiseshell and pearl-work; writing and card-cases; French and Birmingham bronzes; jet ornaments of all kinds; parasols and fans; leather goods, ornamented and perforated; clocks, toys, perfumery, &c. &c. &c.

It will thus be observed that THE FOREIGN COURT is a "mirum gatherum," as perhaps it was intended to be. It is, as we have said, a place for sale, and has been liberally supplied with matters of all kinds that tempt the visitor to carry away a memorial of the visit. But we shall hope to see

mingled with the ordinary articles of trade a better display of those Art-elegancies which, although more costly, cannot fail to find purchasers.

The Court, as will be seen by our engraving, is very elegant: light and graceful in character, and skilfully decorated; a sloping roof contains the names of the several commercial cities and countries of Europe; and altogether it is one of the attractions of the place, which those who enter do not leave without bearing away some reminder of the pleasant day they have passed within the building.

We resume our visits to the CERAMIC COURT.

We have selected for our first illustration a series of the early FLAXMAN-WEDGWOOD WARE, from the large and beautiful collection, comprising some hundred specimens, lent by Mr. ISAAC FALCKE.

The examination of these works will justify the high prices which they now realise. Nothing can exceed their artistic merit, both in design and manufacture; indeed, the latter feature is in some respects quite marvellous. The smaller groups upon the cameos may fairly rank as Art-productions with the finest gems; and those who are aware of the difficulty of executing such works as a manufacture

through the ordinary agencies, will duly estimate, not only the high order of the mind to which their conception is due, but the value of the superintending vigilance that could realise so perfect an embodiment. Josiah Wedgwood was the *creator* of all his successes. He found a manufacture devoted to the productions of the ordinary articles necessitated by domestic usage, and these executed in a manner such as was considered suitable to their purpose, and the moderate price of their remuneration. Elevated by the promptings of a superior intelligence, and urged by the facilities which the processes in operation presented, he determined to originate a new field of action, in which the highest capabilities of Art should find scope for ample development. Surrounded only by the ordinary class of workmen of that day, and with the ordinary materials, he applied himself to chemical research, so as to invent and perfect new compositions of pastes and glazes—obtained the services of the illustrious Flaxman for designs and models, and produced a class of work which not only ranks in the highest branch of Art, but marks the proudest epoch in Ceramic manufacture.



GROUP OF EARLY FLAXMAN-WEDGWOOD WARE.

Amidst difficulties which to ordinary minds would have been insurmountable, he created a superiority which is alike the boast of the past and the reproach of the present; and this too without the stimulus of ultimate appreciation, even when perfected. Indeed, it is evident that he did not rely on native patronage, for the catalogue of his finest works was only printed in French for foreign circulation—so hopeless was he of any appeal to home sympathies.

Though meeting, in some respects, much encouragement in England for his ordinary productions, it was abroad that he found recognition and remuneration for those works upon which his fame is based, and by which it will survive as long as pottery exists and Art is valued.

In this collection will be found a large number of his jaspers of various colours—Egyptian red and black, &c.; vases, including one of the original copies of the Barberini, or Portland Vase; a service of Egyptian red, mounted in silver, formerly in the possession of Queen Adelaide; candelabra, plaques, busts (one life-size of Mercury), cameos mounted as caskets; watches and brooches, together

with a number of specimens of tea-services, &c. &c. We strongly recommend this collection to the examination of all lovers of Art, and especially to those connected with manufacture. The manifestation of a success so marked, cannot but be highly stimulating to those who appreciate the efforts of a refined intelligence allied to commercial industry.

The firm of RIDGWAY, BATES, and Co. (Staffordshire) represents a manufacture of long-established position. Its efforts have hitherto been chiefly directed to the class of goods (porcelain and earthenware) in general demand, and to the production of them in a degree of more than ordinary excellence; it may justly claim peculiar acknowledgement. In respect to the *material* part of the manufacture, that is, the quality of "bodies, glazes, colours," &c., this firm is deserving of high commendation, indeed, we may fairly state the very highest. Considerable tact is displayed in adapting these appliances to such efforts as meet a large patronage; but with such chemical and mechanical success as these display, it is a matter of regret that we miss the exercise of a higher order of Art in its productions; and this, we think, is alone wanting to develop

fully and signally the value of the productive resources this house so eminently possesses. The cost incurred in the production of many of the examples exhibited by this firm proves that it does not begrudge expenditure in its aim for improvement, but simply errs in its application. The collection from which we have selected the objects engraved in this group comprises vases, tea, dessert, table, and toilet services in porcelain and earthenware, enamelled and gilt.

MR. W. BROWNFIELD (Staffordshire) restricts his manufacture to earthenware: but this in very excellent material, and in varied styles of decoration, enamelled, gilt, and printed. The class of pattern exhibited is uniformly creditable in arrangement, and in execution very commendable, affording another satisfactory evidence that the manipulative processes of our manufactures are thoroughly understood.

Before concluding our notices of the Ceramic Court, we are induced to give expression to the conviction which examination of the various works it contains has forced upon us, and which our experience beyond its limits fully confirms.

The importance which attaches to a manufacture,

whose exports alone are valued at a million and a quarter, is sufficient to enlist our sympathies, independently of the associations connected with its time-honoured and deeply-interesting processes.

Comparatively few are aware that there are upwards of one hundred and eighty manufacturers of pottery in England, scattered through Leeds, Swansea, Glasgow, Sunderland, Stockton, and North Staffordshire; of which number upwards of *three-fourths* are located in the latter district, in which more than sixty thousand persons are directly employed in this fabrication.

It is remarkable that among so great a number there are so few that have any recognition beyond the immediate area of their operations. Their products are chiefly of a very coarse and inferior kind, for which their utility and cheapness alone ensure a demand.

Though specially an Art-manufacture, evidences that it is so are lamentably restricted; and a very few names will exhaust the catalogue of those who are worthy to rank as its exponents.

It may be argued that this is not exclusively the position of ceramic manufacture, but rather that it is the state of *all* manufactures. To some extent this must be admitted; but the status of a manufacturer in respect to Art must be judged relatively to the facilities it offers for the combination. Now, with none can Art be more cheaply connected than

with that specially under review. The material of trifling value, presenting from its plastic nature facilities of application to forms of elegance, either plain or enriched, by processes as varied as they are rapid—every feature presenting an inviting medium for the exercise of Art-intelligence. We shall allude more particularly to these points as we proceed.

We have already at some length pointed out the value of the productions of Sévres, Dresden, Vienna, St. Petersburg, &c., which this collection includes—a value we estimate simply from their artistic excellence, for we are uninfluenced in our judgment by the seemingly fabulous sums that attest their commercial estimate. Our manufacturers will do well to study these works, which fully warrant the fame attending their production.

We have also commented upon the eminent works of Minton and Copeland, so well represented in their examples here; and also have referred to the revived fame of the Royal Worcester Works, which promises, under the present enlightened proprietorship (Kerr and Binns) to surpass and eclipse the brilliancy of their former triumphs. Still at the same time we must lament that in reference to the higher or even ordinary qualities of Art, how few there are among the great number of English manufacturers who can justly claim an acknowledgment worthy of approval. This arises not from the costliness of Art-application to the necessities of the

manufacture, but simply from want of its appreciation.

Now, as regards form in outline, the regularity and beauty of curve—such as we note in the early Greek vases—is *more easily* attainable as a mechanical result than the disjointed and eccentric shapes which modern pottery so frequently presents.

These caprices are not the results of accident or negligence, but are attained often after a prolonged exercise of perverted ingenuity. They are produced with malice propense and aforesight, as though men had determined to bestow pains upon the creation of ugliness. This could not happen if the manufacturer and artisan possessed that educational preparation which the province of all Art-labour requires from those who would creditably and successfully enter into its field of action; and it is this preparation, resulting in the feeling and expression of Art-intelligence, which so materially enhances the commercial value of the products to which it gives rise.

The pottery to which we have referred, that of ancient Greece, affording examples of marvellous grace and beauty, is, as regards the value of the materials and cost of production, but of trifling and inconsiderable amount: its real value consists in the evidence it presents of the application of classic taste and refined feeling to objects devoted to purposes of familiar and humble requirements. The



GROUP OF PORCELAIN: RIDGWAY, BATES AND CO.

allotments and subdivisions of labour in England into sections of different branches of manufacture, confining the artisan to a fractional part only of a work, though it facilitates the operation of production, and secures a greater uniformity of executive detail, are a heavy hindrance to his mental growth and intellectual development. The narrowness of the channels to which his powers are restricted materially tends to confine and limit the capabilities of their action. It, therefore, becomes the more imperative that those under whose guidance his efforts are set in motion, and influenced, should be duly qualified for their direction.

That the general standard of English taste must be rated as still lamentably low, even allowing for recent and gradual, though obvious improvement, is a mortifying fact, and to attempt its denial is but to perpetuate the evil we deplore. It "cryeth in our streets," and stares from our shop-windows. If, as is urged, the degree in civilisation of a country be denoted by the class of goods required for export to its markets, then our continental dealers, judging from the worthless trash with which to such an extent they crowd our arcades, bazaars, shops, and sale-rooms, and which finds a too ready sale, must indeed deem us in a barbarous plight.

We saw, a few days since, a large importation of French and Saxon porcelain, of so vulgar and offensive a description that we at first doubted the possi-

bility of its being the products of those manufacturers; but we were assured by the proprietor, with much self-satisfaction, that he had been expressly to Paris and Dresden to select the stock, and that it was such as would *exactly suit the English taste*. He had mistaken our surprise for admiration, and we feared his experience was too well grounded to risk a discussion with him.

This fact is quite understood abroad, for during our visit to Paris, in 1855, at the time of the Great Exhibition there, having remarked upon some clocks in ormolu exposed in a shop window at a ridiculously low price and of a proportionably low taste, we were deprecatingly assured by the fabriquant that they were expressly manufactured "pour les Anglais," who were coming over in great numbers, and would take advantage of their visit to evidence their judgment in the patronage of these examples of the superiority of French Art.

Now, it would be futile to assume that good taste is exclusive, even in France—this is far from being the case, but it is more diffused and more *assumed* than in England. France knows and duly estimates the value which she derives from her admitted superiority in this respect, and whether sharing in that quality or not, her children do not hesitate to lay claim to it as a hereditary right. The remark so often heard from Englishmen, even in educated classes, that they "know little about Art, and care less," uttered rather as a boast than a reproach,

never yet escaped Gallic lips. Assumption, in many instances, it may be, and undoubtedly is, still it becomes a merit—it is a tacit homage to the value of Art itself, and is impulsive, in its general influence, on all connected with its operations. Such a condition of mind at least gives room for hope.

England's manufacturing success, great as it is, depends chiefly upon mere mechanical power and manipulative facilities, and not upon artistic excellence. We submit there is little security in such a position. Mechanical resources are not patent to any particular country, and their application may become as general as policy dictates. As regards the "artisan," also, we would earnestly warn him against a blind dependence on the permanence of any operative process in our manufactures which involves merely *manual labour*. Mechanical science is now so fast supplying the demands of merely manipulative requirements that it is impossible to speculate upon its limits. If, in their own case, the time is past for improvement, still let them at least make provision for a better qualification in their sons—more honourable to their humanity, and more serviceable to themselves and their country.

The greatest successes of which we boast in our Art-manufactures must be attributed to foreign origin. France finds herself fought by us with her own weapons. Artists and artisans, cradled and reared in her ateliers, are transplanted to exert the strength which she has created and strengthened

against its author. The Exhibition of 1851, great and important in its results as it was, proved from this cause quite inconclusive as an evidence of comparative national merit.

There is no weight in the argument that in some branches of manufacture France has sought and obtained help from England's workmen; it is the principle involved that we claim against, let its exercise be admitted where it may. So long as such means are resorted to, and we are content to shine through borrowed light, we may despair of any innate lustre.

Discrimination in the commercial value of foreign talent and enterprise in offering the means to secure a transfer of its advantages our leading manufacturers may lay claim to, but, with few exceptions, little beyond. Is it not possible for England to realise an *original* success from her own national resources? Is she ever to remain content with reproductions by French agency, or feeble imitations by her own? In ceramic manufacture she has demonstrated her capability for both these positions. In Wedgwood (the Flaxman-Wedgwood) an *original* success, alike individually and nationally honourable, was achieved; while our present potters, with a few eminent exceptions, are content to realise the second category.

We repeat that if the practicability of an alliance between Art and manufacture be more intimately and completely demonstrated in one class of industry than another, it is in ceramic productions. Involving the elements of form through a medium presenting special and varied means of decorative

facility, it stands unique in its presentments. For illustration of this fact examine some of the finest works of Sèvres and Dresden—particularly the best modern productions of Sèvres, executed for exhibitive purposes. Now there is nothing mysterious or unaccountable in the marvellous beauty of these works; the means taken are precisely those which must naturally lead to such results, and without which they could not be attained. Reference to the production of one important work will explain what these are. Let us instance that of the Grand Vase commemorative of the Exhibition of 1851, exhibited at Paris last year in the collection from Sèvres, and subsequently presented to Prince Albert by the Emperor Napoleon. By visiting the manufactory during its execution, we became personally acquainted with its progress.

First, we saw the sketches of the primary studies for the composition—light and shade, &c.; then the drawings in tempera for arrangement of colour; and

subsequently, an elaborately-finished painting in oil of the complete work. Now, through these different stages, the work of accomplished and eminent artists, the advantages of enlightened and competent criticism had been secured; so that during its progress it had been submitted to as severe a scrutiny as could possibly await its completion, and thus, before its transfer to porcelain, it was a matured and finished conception.

Can we wonder at the superiority of a work so produced, over the premature abortions which, hasty and inefficient in their primary stages, eventually involve a disproportionate and unsatisfactory amount of labour?—and under this head must the bulk of English Art-products, even of the more pretentious character, be classed.

That the influence of Sèvres has not been so marked upon the French manufacture generally as might have been presumed, we conceive to be caused by the secrecy with which the operations have been carried on. Successful experiments, realised at *national cost*, should be *nationally available*. Publicity as to the operation of any new process should be immediate on its perfection; and thus, by advancing the general standard of the national manufacture, would the cost of its attainment be indirectly reimbursed. It is a favourite assertion with those to whom Art is unfelt, and consequently unappreciated, that such works are not remunerative: this, in some degree, arises from the fact that large sums have been occasionally expended upon the execution of works intended as Art-illustrations, in which the elements of Art have been



GROUP OF DECORATED EARTHENWARE: MR. WILLIAM BROWNFIELD.

outraged through every feature: and because the general feeling has repudiated such perpetrations, the manufacturer exclaims against the want of patronage and public appreciation. Why, they are appreciated—*justly appreciated*—and *condemned*. We believe that, directly or indirectly, the production of works in any branch of manufacture of acknowledged superiority to previous achievement in that branch, must exercise a valuable prestige in favour of the general manufacture of the producer, and is not restricted to the mere gain upon that individual work.

In the articles of ordinary manufacture, such a course as that referred to in the production of the Sèvres vase would be superfluous, the decoration suited being of a light and facile character; but experience proves the value of some such preparatory study, even in reference to productions of this class—for it is found that the best Art-worker can do the inferior work in a better style, and at a lower rate, than inefficient hands: this results from a thorough knowledge of his trade giving him a ready and decisive power in lieu of dilatory and hesitating weakness.

Though Art-appreciation is lamentably but the feeling of a small minority in England, still it includes sufficient with means to reward those who minister to its enjoyment. The diffusion of wealth in England happily in some degree compensates for the restriction in taste: and consequently, instead of works of Art being scattered generally over our districts, or amongst the members of communities in individually limited numbers, we find them in

special localities, concentrated and absorbed in large and costly collections. The liberal feeling which now generally influences the possessors of these Art-treasures to grant them for public exhibition, and thus extend the elevating influence which such works exercise, will do much for the educational advancement of England. It is the spread of this feeling, and the impulsive action to which it would give rise, that alone is wanting to complete and perpetuate our manufacturing success.

That the French are alive to our *manufacturing* excellence is shown by the large and increasing demand for English porcelain, notwithstanding the heavy duty and expenses attending its import. This demand, however, is limited to patterns of a very slight character, effected by printed outlines, coloured by women and children. Those which our manufacturers plume themselves upon as of a higher class, find no encouragement there, and for two reasons—first, their merit does not equal their pretence; and next, the price (from this cause) is considered excessive. Art is comparatively cheap in France; it is there a *necessity*, with us a *luxury*.

The patronage given to English earthenware at the Paris Exhibition last year amounted to a "rage." This pottery, which was under ordinary circumstances prohibited, by a concession of the Imperial Commission was admitted for exhibition duty free during that period. Although twenty per cent. was charged upon sales effected, the French not only bought up the whole available stock, but large orders were also executed during the whole time that the exhibition remained open. The sale of

Minton and Copeland's porcelain has long been very considerable, and within a few days the Worcester manufactory has received large orders, including some thousands of pieces of its famous egg-shell porcelain. Our present superiority in *manufacturing* excellence over the bulk of the French producers is unquestioned; and it is a matter of sincere regret that indifference to Art appreciation should allow that success—which might be complete and permanent—to remain but partial, and, we fear, temporary.

England must not imagine that other countries will not emulate her mechanical facilities. The improvement in the manufacture of earthenware in France (comparatively of very recent establishment) is most remarkable, and it will ere long enter into important rivalry with our own; let English potters so prepare themselves as to meet it with credit and success. What might not the general operation of such a mind as influenced the great Wedgwood now effect in our ceramic manufactures! Will not English manufacturers more generally emulate this glorious example? With extended and improved resources—with the increased facilities which the advance of Science and Art have placed within our grasp—with a marked improvement in public taste (deficient as it still is), will our manufacturers be content to refer back to the vigorous triumphs of past achievements?—amidst the feeble inanities of present incapacity, heedless of the inference which such a position involves, and the result to which it will inevitably lead. Yet too many are content with such a position—conviction may come too late.

## THE MANUFACTURE OF PAPER.

THE superior position of man in the scale of created things, is in no respect more strikingly manifested than in the desire which he has ever displayed to convey his ideas to others by material signs.

There is evidence of the exercise of thought in every individual—with a healthful organisation—of the most uneducated of the wildest tribes. Beyond the operations of instinct we constantly find a rude system of induction at work, and, as the result of the advances of man by the aids of sense, we discover the influence of mind in the attempts to give permanence to those truths—or supposed truths, which have been *thought* out. The great events which have occurred amongst the migratory tribes of men have been recorded upon inscribed stones. The face of precipitous rocks, far beyond the reach of injury by the wilfulness of men, has been carved with legends describing the wars of nations; and on the walls of the tombs of the Egyptians we read the biographies of the dead priests and warriors. The Assyrian temples in like manner record the great adventures of the mightiest hunters, and the most destructive of their heroes.

Pictured story, and symbols of various kinds, the result, even in their rudest form, of much thought, mark in permanent characters the progress of intelligence. The increasing desire of man to record, and to have the means of referring to records, is displayed in the curious inscribed cylinders of the Assyrian and Babylonian people. These appear to have their special histories, and to have been worn, as beads are now worn, on the person, so that the records of the deeds of their heroes were constantly before them to incite to yet more noble achievements. The moulded and impressed tablets are yet another form of record; but these appear to have been employed for the great matters of law and government.

Whether we examine the earliest evidences of man's works which Asia affords, or those rude examples of early civilisation in Central America, the runic inscriptions of Northern Europe, or the hieroglyphics of the cultivated Egyptians, we must be impressed with two or more facts.

The earliest men thought that deeds had been accomplished by them which would stimulate other men to imitation if they were recorded as examples; and they exerted their mental powers to devise the means of informing the stranger, and those yet unborn who would eventually occupy their place on the earth, that great men had lived, and that noble deeds had been done.

The advance from graving a sign upon soft clay or on solid stone, to marking the leaves of trees, was easy; but nevertheless it was most important. Men naturally would seek out those plants which yielded, either in the size or texture of their leaves, or of their barks, the best fitted material for their use: hence the discovery of the *papyrus*, and all the methods by which it was prepared for the use of the scribe. The skins of beasts, too, would offer convenient surfaces upon which, with a properly prepared dye, the signs for ideas could be painted or stained. The history of these discoveries is sometimes written with all the appearance of fidelity; but with the advances of knowledge we are led to believe that they all belong to a much earlier date than that to which they are usually referred. It is not our intention, however, to enter into any examination of this part of the subject. With the accumulation of the records of thought, the value of those records became more apparent, and there was naturally a desire kindled amongst men to possess the stories of the his-

torian and the songs of the bard. Hence the advance to prepared leaves—such as we find in the rolls of antiquity, which have been preserved to us, and gradually from the inconvenient roll to the bundle of leaves, and thus to the bound book.

Vegetable fibre admits of being beaten thin and spread out uniformly—of being deprived of its colour, and smoothed or glazed upon its surface. Thus arose the manufacture of paper, on which we desire to say a few words. With the increased demand for printed and written sheets, the manufacture of paper has become more and more important over almost every part of the world, and every variety of vegetable fibre has been employed in preparing it. The great source, however, of the paper which we employ in our printing operations, and for writing, is linen rags. It would be more strictly correct to say that this should be the source: unfortunately, paper is now largely prepared into the composition of which but little linen fibre enters—and the result will be the comparatively early destruction of many a record which it is important should be preserved.

Let us examine, in the first place, the operations of a paper manufactory, and then proceed to remark upon some of the defects for which it is most important remedy should be found.

Rags are collected from almost all known parts of the world; the Italian beggar and the German peasant furnish much of the material for fine writing paper in England. A large export trade in rags is carried on at Hamburg and Bremen, from Ancona, Leghorn, Messina, and Palermo. The exportation of rags is almost prohibited in France, Holland, Belgium, Spain, and Portugal; these countries requiring all they can produce for their own paper manufactories. Few persons think of the value of a rag, yet so precious is the waste fragment of a shirt, that strong legislative enactments and prohibitory duties regulate its sale. Rags are, however, obtained, and the operation of paper-making commences. We must first introduce the reader of the *Art-Journal* to a room full of dust and dirt, and bags of rags, in which are a number of women employed in sorting. Each female stands at a frame, which is, in fact, a wire sieve, at one side of which is a knife, placed usually upright. A handful of rags is placed on the wire frame, and they are shaken to and fro to free them from dirt. They are then cut into pieces about three inches square, and thrown, according to their quality, into one of three compartments, which are on the right hand side of the table. All the seams are placed by themselves, as the threads require more grinding to reduce them to a pulp than the other parts—buttons, hooks, &c., are all very carefully removed. When properly cut and sorted the rags are packed in bags, each containing one hundredweight, and sent to the washing shed. All dirty and coloured rags are placed in large tanks with lime, and boiled, usually by admitting steam under pressure into the bottom of the tank: by this the whole is kept in a state of violent agitation for some time. After this boiling operation the rags are removed to the *washing-engine*; or, if the rags are already white, they pass to the washing engine without the previous boiling. The *washing-engine* is a trough about ten feet long, four or five feet broad, and two or three feet deep; it is made of wood and lined with lead; in this is fitted an iron roller, with bars or knives projecting radially about an inch. The roller is set in motion, and one hundredweight of rags are put into the trough, and as much water as will raise the whole to within an inch of the brim. Beneath the armed cylinder is a plate with knives of the same kind as those on the roller. The revolutions of this roller, which are about 160 a minute, carry the rags with

great rapidity through the knives; and as the roller is depressed upon the plate, or elevated, so are the rags drawn through and cut or bruised. Adjusted above the roller is a cover, in which are frames of wire-cloth, communicating with the pipes through which the water is supplied. The mass having been agitated for some time is carried up an inclined frame, and subjected to the action of a stream of clean water, at the same time as all the foul water is carried off by another pipe. By this operation the rags are cleansed and bruised down. When they are sufficiently white they are removed to a press for the purpose of squeezing out the greater part of the water which remains in the mass. Foreign rags commonly, even after this operation, retain some colour—the mass having the appearance of brown holland. To free this of colour bleaching operations are had recourse to; these are purely chemical operations, depending chiefly upon the action of oxygen on the colouring matter. The rags are removed to a wooden chamber in a moist state; this chamber, from which all air is excluded, is connected by pipes with a retort in which chlorine gas is generated. The black oxide of manganese, common salt (*chloride of sodium*), and sulphuric acid are mixed together, and heat is applied. In this process the chlorine is liberated, and this intense yellow gas passes into the wooden chamber: here it meets with water in the moist rags, and it seizes immediately upon the hydrogen of the water; the oxygen, in its nascent state, combines at once with the colouring matter and destroys it. The operation of bleaching requires great care, since there is a liability to destroy the linen fibre by the action of the acid. It is important, too, that every portion of chlorine should be removed from the linen pulp, and this is more difficult than at first appears. All porous or capillary bodies have the power of holding with great mechanical force gaseous bodies in contact with their surfaces. Many kinds of paper pass into the market from which the chlorine has not been entirely removed, and if any of the photographic processes are carried on upon such paper, or even if used for water-colours, it becomes apparent by the chemical action which is set up. In some cases the hyposulphites of lime and soda are employed as bleaching agents, and also the sulphites and sulphurous acid. Papers so bleached very commonly retain traces of sulphur, and blacken any of the salts of silver spread upon them. The object in view is to produce absolute whiteness in the fibre employed: any of those chemical bodies will effect this; but great care is required in the subsequent washing processes to cleanse the pulp thoroughly. This washing free from the chlorine gas is effected in the washing-engine already described. From this the rags are passed into the *beating-engine*, which nearly resembles the washer, but that the knives on the roller and plate are put much closer together, and that the roller is moved with much greater rapidity. Having been subjected to this action for several hours in this machine, the rags assume a beautiful pulpy appearance, like thick milk or cream, and it should be perfectly free of colour.

For many of the common varieties of paper the size is now added. The size is some gelatinous matter, usually prepared from sheepskins, or the refuse pieces of the tan-yard. For the finer kinds of writing paper the size is applied after the sheet is made.

From the *beating-engine* the paper pulp is conveyed to a large circular vessel, which contains several engines; this is technically called *stuff*. This is kept uniformly suspended by means of an agitator, which constantly revolves in the vessel. From this vessel a stream of this fine paper pulp is constantly flowing through a cock into the *vat*, which is thus

always maintained at a uniform height. A portion of the pulp now flows upon a wire frame, which, being connected with a crank movement of the engine in large manufactories, is constantly shaken; this wire frame is called a *sifter*. Having passed through the sifter, the pulp flows still onward to a ledge, over which it falls in a regular stream, like a sheet of water over a smooth dam. Here the pulp passes upon a plane surface of five or six feet in length, upon which it spreads out as a very uniform sheet. This plane surface is constantly moving onward, and uniformly shaken; it is, indeed, an endless web of the finest wire gauze.

The pulp as it passes on, by the motion of the web, becomes more and more solid, but it still retains much moisture and remains soft. Before the paper passes off from this web of wire, it moves under a wire cylinder which presses upon its surface, and now leaves a succession of lines on the paper, marking its passage; it then passes under another cylinder, which is clothed with felt, and kept constantly moist by a stream of cold water. A tightly-stretched surface of flannel advances towards the plane of wire, and receives the sheet. It passes gradually over the flannel, and this absorbs much of the moisture which still remains; two rollers now seize it, and the paper is powerfully squeezed between them. It passes over another plane of endless flannel, and then through another pair of rollers. From the last pair of pressing-rollers the paper is received upon a small roller, which guides it to a large heated cylinder; from this it passes on to another yet hotter, and having a finely-polished surface. From a third cylinder, upon which it is subjected to the pressure of a blanket, the paper passes to the fourth and last heated cylinder, upon which it is perfectly dried, and from this it is handed to the *reel* as finished paper.

It will be evident that the process, from the vessel full of pulp into the formation of a complete sheet of paper, is perfectly continuous. From the commencement, when the pulp flows out of the vat upon the web of the wire, till the paper into which it is formed is received upon the reel, somewhat less than two minutes of time is occupied. A supplementary machine receives the paper from the reel, and as it mounts upon the drum, a circular knife cuts it into two breadths, while a series of sharp teeth which strike against it within, divides it, by a stroke of invariable regularity, into the requisite length.

The sheets of paper, completely formed, are taken from the machine-room and subjected to a very careful examination. This is usually performed by young women, who remove every knot or speck in each sheet, and reject those sheets which are seriously defective. These sheets are next subjected, in their full size, to a powerful hydrostatic press, and the edges are cut by the action of a knife called a *plough*. The open sheets are now counted into quires of twenty-four sheets, folded, and packed in reams of twenty quires.

*Hand-made paper* is regarded as being in many respects superior to that made by the machine. The only real difference is that the frames are covered with the pulp and shaken by the workman, who has thus an opportunity of examining each sheet in its progress. When paper is made without size, it is necessarily very absorbent—such is our ordinary blotting-paper. To such paper the size is now applied—gelatine, starch, and resin are severally employed by different manufacturers; the most celebrated of the French paper-makers employing starch for their finer varieties of paper.

Writing papers of fine surface are now sold at very low prices. Many of these kinds will be found to absorb the ink very rapidly notwithstanding the hard polished surface which gives the paper its fine appearance. Into the

pulp of such paper large quantities of the white Chima clay are introduced, and thus weight and body are obtained at the sacrifice of durability; such paper must fail completely in a few years. Many of the ordinary demy papers, which are used for printing upon, have in the same way body and weight given to them by China clay, or lime. This cannot be regarded in any other light than a fraud: it is true that the manufacturer has been led on to this practice by the demand for cheap paper, and the increasing cost of the vegetable fibre which is employed in the manufacture.

Every person will be familiar with the rice-paper of the Chinese, and with an Indian paper which is very full of straw in fine particles—indeed, some of our own commoner papers exhibit a similar character. These varieties of paper are named solely to lead to the explanation that the barks of the lime-tree, the hawthorn, the aspen, the beech, and the willow may be—indeed, have been—used to make paper. The tendrils of the vine, the bines of the hops, the stalks of the nettles, the mallow, and the thistle make tolerably good paper, and several patents have been taken out for the manufacture of paper from straw. Any fibrous substance, indeed, may be employed for this purpose.

The coarsest materials, since the improved bleaching processes have been introduced, are, however, now employed in the manufacture of paper. Cordage, coarse canvas, and similar substances can now be used.

In the manufacture of the fine varieties of drawing-paper, extra care is of course taken to ensure uniformity of composition and excellence of colour. This is especially the case in the paper prepared for receiving fine engravings, and such as is used for water-colour painting.

In connection with the manufacture of such papers there exists, however, a very serious defect, demanding a close and careful examination. We have lately seen some of the finest impressions of Landseer's pictures which are completely destroyed by the appearance of yellow spots upon every part of the sheet. One of the finest large paper copies of Audubon's "Birds," to which attention was lately called, was found to be spotted in this way over every part—in many of the plates the beautiful colours giving way before those gradually increasing spots. This condition appears to be more readily brought about in a humid climate, or under the influence of a saline atmosphere—as near the sea—than in the midland counties of England; but even in the metropolis this diseased condition very frequently manifests itself.

We are disposed to believe these spots to be the result, in the first place, of a decay—a perfect decomposition of the size employed—which furnished the soil, as it were, for the growth of some of the microscopic fungi. The disease is often generated at the copper-plate engraver's, before the print passes into the hands of the public, by allowing the sheets damped for printing to lie together for some time. We have seen a parcel of engravings through the whole of which the spots have generated with curious uniformity.

In many instances it would appear that gelatine has been employed as a size, when it has already become somewhat putrescent. The chemical change rapidly goes on after its application to the paper, and thus, through want of care on the part of the paper-maker or of the copper-plate printer, the purchaser of expensive prints and of illustrated books is exposed to the annoyance of seeing the objects of his admiration, obtained at much cost, gradually but certainly perishing.

The remedy for this is the use of perfectly pure materials, and a process for consolidating the gelatine, or the size employed, so that it may resist the action of moisture. When the

spots are forming they may be checked by passing an iron, which is not quite hot enough to scorch the paper, over the face of the print. If the sheets are separate, and the stains are very bad, we can, if there is no colour liable to receive injury, sponge the print with a solution of the bichlorate of potash, and then dry it off with a hot iron.

When we remember the value which we attach to the books of antiquity—when we are daily reminded of the importance of possessing editions of books which have been subjected to the revision of the author himself, the importance of manufacturing, for printing purposes, paper of the finest quality, consisting entirely of vegetable fibre, and in which a size of the best character has been used, cannot be too strongly urged.

The great error of our age is that we are satisfied too easily with appearances—anything looking good is received without examination; and provided the *seeming good* can be obtained cheaply, we care but little about the final result. In the article paper, equally with everything else, this holds true. Let us hope that, since attention has been directed to the sad defects of adulteration and of carelessness, an improved condition of things will arise.

R. HUNT.

#### ART IN THE PROVINCES.

**MANCHESTER MECHANICS' INSTITUTION.**—We have but a limited report this month to make of the progress of the Mechanics' Institution; the catalogue of pictures is not yet "ready," or was not in time for us to avail ourselves of its information. There have been, however, numerous additions—hence, we imagine, the cause of the delay. The Art-industry collection has also been considerably augmented; and we believe the exhibition may now be described as complete. We shall probably be enabled to give further details in our next number. Meanwhile, we understand, the people of Manchester have responded to the call thus made upon them: so it ought to be; for the gathering together of so many rare Art-treasures was a serious labour, but one which could not fail to be extensively useful.

The "Free-trade Hall" of Manchester has been opened; it is a structure of exceeding beauty, admirably adapted to the purposes in view, and confers high honour on the architect. We hope to describe it hereafter.

It is proposed to have an exhibition of the works of artists born or resident in this locality, to inaugurate the new wing of the Museum, Peel Park, Salford: a meeting was held on September 18th in furtherance of this object, at which many influential gentlemen and artists, connected with Manchester and its district, were present. Resolutions to carry out the project were unanimously passed, and Mr. Hammersley, the head-master of the Manchester School of Art, was elected chairman of the committee. The exhibition will probably open on the first Monday in March of next year. Artists are to be at the expense of forwarding the pictures they intend to exhibit, the committee undertaking to insure the works, and to return them free of cost. Pictures by deceased artists will be eligible for admission; these will be collected at the expense of the committee.

**BIRMINGHAM.**—The Exhibition of the "Birmingham Society of Artists" opened in September last. We have had no opportunity of visiting it, but the local papers speak of it as containing 450 pictures, a large majority of which are landscapes; the portraits are fewer than ordinary. The contributions of metropolitan artists are neither numerous nor of the highest order; the pictures by local artists are considered a decided improvement upon those in former exhibitions.

**GLASGOW.**—The paragraph we published last month respecting the projected glass-painting for the windows in Glasgow Cathedral appears to have been in some respects incorrect, although we procured our information from what was considered a reliable source, and a similar statement was published both in the London and the Glasgow papers. We are requested to say, that the Lord-Provost of Glasgow entirely disclaims the unauthorized use which has been made of his name, so far as regards his application to Mr. James Ballantine for designs for the windows. At the close of the last meeting of the Committee appointed to report generally

upon the style, subjects, and the best method of securing good artists to execute the windows, the Lord-Provost stated that "his name had been thus used without his sanction, by parties writing to the newspapers, and putting forward their particular views and wished for employment. He desired to take this public opportunity of stating that this had been done, not only without his sanction, but in the face of his express desire to the contrary. He felt certain that it was the unanimous feeling of the subscribers to keep the field open: it was open—and he trusted that it would be kept so, till the subscribers had time to make up their minds how to secure a first-rate series of windows—works of Fine-Art, and worthy of the cathedral and of this great city."

**CHELTENHAM.**—Mr. H. R. TWINING exhibited at the recent meeting of the British Association at Cheltenham, a series of models to illustrate a new method of teaching perspective. The object of his communication was to explain the principles of perspective in such a manner as might enable those who draw to distribute their objects, not only in a correct manner, but in one agreeable to the eye. It is an intermediary step between those rules which are demonstrated by diagrams in the usual treatises, and those appearances which characterise natural objects themselves. The chief difficulty in enabling an audience to follow out the principles of perspective, when applied to solid objects, is that every individual sees them from a different position, so that such an explanation of the effect observed, as is adapted to one individual, cannot suit another. Mr. Twinning's method aims at overcoming this difficulty, by placing a bust or image (with which each individual is supposed to identify himself) in the exact spot which the observer ought to occupy, and which thus serves to mark the true focus of the picture.

**CLONMEL.**—A conversazione of the friends and supporters of the Clonmel Mechanics' Institute has been held for the purpose of witnessing the distribution of the Osborne prizes to students of the school in the Mechanics' Institute, and which is under the management of its committee. At the opening of the school, in November, 1854, the inaugural address was delivered by Ralph Osborne, Esq., M.P., to the effect of which on the community the present prosperity of the school is in an eminent degree to be attributed. The prizes in question were purchased with a sum of £20, which Mr. Osborne placed at the disposal of the committee for that purpose the first year, but in consequence of the absence of merit in the students, who had all commenced the study of Art at the opening of the school, the award of prizes was deferred till the present season. The report of the examiners, Messrs. George J. Goold, R.M., and Thomas Scully, M.D., was highly complimentary to the master of the school, Mr. J. Healy, for the marked progress in the students' works, and it also commended the care and attention of the pupils. We learn that the names of Messrs. Robert Malcolmson, Joseph White, and John Bagwell, Esqs. (all local gentlemen), have been put down for the sum of £20 each for the same purpose during the next three years.

**YARMOUTH.**—Have the gentlemen of the county of Norfolk, to say nothing of the gentlemen of England, lost all recollection of the deeds of their heroic Nelson, that they permit the monument erected at Yarmouth to fall into absolute ruin? Such, we understand, is the fate to which it is destined, and which it seems would long since have befallen it, had not the old Trafalgar seaman, James Sharman, who "shows" the monument, expended no small amount of his earnings in keeping it in some kind of repair. How much of national disgrace, but of individual honour, is recorded in this fact! Sharman, says the *Bury Post*, would not ask the country for a farthing towards preserving the memorial, were it not that his income from exhibiting it has been lately so reduced that the receipts have not sufficed for the maintenance of him and his family: he was one of the sailors who carried the dying Nelson into the cockpit, after he had received his fatal wound. In this age of statues and monuments, cannot a hundred or two pounds be collected to repair the Yarmouth Monument?

**YORK.**—Mr. J. C. Swallow, head-master of the York School of Art, delivered, on the evening of September 24th, a lecture, principally to the working classes, on drawing and painting. We may remark, to the credit of Mr. Swallow, and to show his desire to inculcate a knowledge of Art among mechanics and artisans, that he has established a class gratuitously for their benefit, in the hope that when they have learned the elements of drawing they may afterwards be induced to enter the regular classes, on payment of the usual fees. Such an act is worthy of being made known and imitated.

### GOG AND MAGOG. GUILDHALL AND ITS MONUMENTS.

LET not Gog and Magog be considered as foreign to Art. Are they not coloured sculpture? Endued, too, with a vividness and variety of tint sufficient to satisfy the most polychromatic of the polychromatic school! May it not even be held as strange that in the vexed question of coloured sculpture they should never have been brought into court? Are they not at least as successful as the coloured Parthenaic frieze in the Crystal Palace? Perhaps some dreadful people may be found who think them more so—inasmuch as colours may be held to be in better accord with their grotesque art than with the purer images of the Greeks! But let that rest. We have a great respect for these time-honoured warders of Guildhall—not only for their art, which, in their grotesque way, is good, but as representatives of the city of London, which has of late been doing more for the Art of Sculpture (to which we suppose the giants hold themselves to belong) than any other institution, body, or locality. Sixteen marble statues (of poetic subjects, too—hear this, O West End!) have been voted by the Corporation for the Egyptian Hall, in the Mansion House, at the cost of £11,200, of which twelve are either executed or in hand. Also the Wellington Memorial, in the Guildhall, the whole expense of which, including the prizes given away in the competition, will not, we suppose, be under £6000, and an admirable bust of the Queen (by Durham), for the Council Chamber, presented by Alderman Sir Francis Graham Moon, Bart.—and all this within three years! The east side of Temple Bar is setting an example which we should be glad to see the west follow. *Apropos* of this, the other day the Office of Works, before they sent forth their own specifications for the Government tribute to the Great Duke, to be erected in St. Paul's, applied to the Corporation of London to know the steps they had taken in conducting their "Wellington Competition." Is not that a feather for the caps of Gog and Magog?

But to return to these personages. Their early history, like that of other half or whole divinities, is somewhat shrouded in obscurity. Hatfield, in his new view of London, which bears the date 1708, speaking of Guildhall, says:—"This stately hall being much damaged by the unhappy conflagration" (the Great Fire of London) "in 1666, was rebuilt anno 1669, and extremely well beautified and repaired, both inside and out, which cost about £2500, and adorned with two new images of gigantic magnitude, as before." They next appear in history on the 24th day of April, 1685, as taking part in "an high entertainment of wonderful and stupendous fireworks, in honour of the coronation of James II. and his queen, being placed on a raft on the river opposite Whitehall, in front of a huge pyramid of fireworks, the display of which lasted an hour." This seems to witness to the honour in which they were held at this time, inasmuch as so great an occasion was not considered complete without their presence. Such regard, however, appears not to have been universal, or, at any rate not lasting, for their next mention in print is not of the same character. This occurs (we quote from Hone's "Mysteries") fourteen years after the above date, in Ned Ward's "London Spy," published in 1699, in which we are grieved to say the Giants are not treated with becoming respect; but we insert the passage, were it only to show what Goths there were in those days! Describing a visit to Guildhall, he says:—"We turned down King Street, and came to the place intended, which we entered with as great

astonishment to see the Giants as the Morocco ambassador did London when he saw the snow fall. I asked my friend the meaning and design of setting up these two lubberly preposterous figures"—("Procul este profani!" we exclaim)—"for he supposed," he continues, "they had some peculiar end in it. 'Truly,' says my friend, 'I am wholly ignorant of what is intended by them, unless it were to show what great boobies their forefathers were, or to frighten stubborn apprentices into obedience to their masters, for fear of having to appear before them, and my Lord Mayor, and the Chamberlain of London—for some are as much in awe of Gog and Magog as little children at the terrible sound of Rawhead and Bloodybones.'" It was on this account, no doubt, that we are told that "by Gog and Magog" was a favourite city oath in those days. In later times even, it was a hallowed city myth that they always came down when the clock struck noon, to eat their dinners, as behoved city magnates; and it is only since their last removal from their then position in the hall to one less prominent, which took place in 1815, that taking it in dudgeon, they have refused to eat their meals, or the story has lost credence. Further, William Hone, *loquitur*:—"Until the last reparation (speaking of the hall), the present Giants stood with the old clock, and a balcony of iron-work between them, over the stairs leading from the hall to the courts of law and the Council Chamber. When they were taken down in that year, and placed on the floor of the hall, I thoroughly examined them. They are of wood, and hollow within, and from the method of joining and gluing the interior, are evidently of late construction, but are too substantially built for the purpose of being either carried or drawn in a pageant."

But we have gone on a great deal too fast. The present Giants, as we have seen, and of which Hone speaks as having stood at the west end of Guildhall, on each side the window, are not the original Simon Pures—far from it. It appears, indeed, that "Giants" partake of the nature of the Phoenix, and are periodically reproduced from their ashes. Thus the "giants" of Ned Ward are not the giants of William Hone. It appears that the artist of the present images was a certain Captain Richard Saunders, who dwelt in King Street, Cheapside, and was an eminent carver; and farther, that they were set up in Guildhall, about the year 1708, in the room of the two old wickerwork giants, which had formerly been carried in processions, and which, it is believed (we quote Mr. Josiah Temple), were first used at the restoration of Charles II., when they graced a triumphal arch erected on that occasion at the end of King Street. We must not, however, pass over a rare old book entitled "The Gigantic History of the Two Famous Giants in Guildhall," that goes back a vast deal farther than this. It affirms that Gog and Magog are *corrupted names*, and that their original titles were *Corineus* and *Gogmagog*, who were both brave giants in the good old days of King Arthur; that they were great in virtue and honour as well as inches (the giants are each fourteen feet high). They were also loyal good citizens, and deeply attached to the "vested rights of their town," and their images thus appropriately came to be placed in Guildhall, as representatives of sturdy civic valour and magnanimity. Somehow or other, it appears that the name "Corineus" slipt out of the category altogether, as savouring too much, perhaps, of Roman domination; and that of Gogmagog, being thought long enough for two, was accordingly split with an uneven stroke, and *ecce* Gog and Magog. It may be as well, however, here to emphasise that both are representatives of *gentlemen*, for it has been held that one is a *lady*. This is a vulgar error. Were it not so, however, and were they really

man and wife, as some visitors have supposed, it might not be difficult to continue the family tree, inasmuch as in the late alterations in Guildhall, in excavations for the new law courts, and turning the crypt into a kitchen, a wooden image has been found of questionable parentage, which might be well fathered and mothered upon the giants in question. The "babby," in that case, would no doubt become an object of especial and legitimate interest in the city.

But, to return: the expression, "there were giants in those days," gives us a great idea of the antiquity of "those days"—perhaps the greatest possible. Therefore it cannot be expected that we can fix the date when Gog and Magog first appeared on the civic scene. It must have been, indeed, a long time ago—for does not every one look upon them as part of the "institutions of our great metropolis?" For ourselves, we confess we look upon them as another "palladium," obnoxious to ruthless reformers, who will have, some murk night, perhaps in the small hours after a civic feast, surreptitiously to steal them away, or they will never *take the City!* As regards, however, images in general, gigantic or otherwise (removable, of course, too, as these were of old), it is evident that they formed important features in the earliest pageantries and solemn shows of our forefathers. In 1599, Henry Hardman, a mayor of that year, from religious motives caused "the giants" in the midsummer's show to be *broken*, and the representation of the "Devil in his feathers" to be done away with! (In this is evident the evils that even giants may suffer from getting into bad company): and instead, he provided a "man in complete armour" as less objectionable. That the institution of giants was, however, in some degree, even at that iconoclastic time, fostered and respected, is evident from an account extant of charges for the Chester pageant, for arsenic to put in the paste requisite in the construction of these images, so as to save the giants from the rats! Long may they live—that is, not the rats, but the giants—and if they may not quite agree in character with their marble brethren in the same apartment, at any rate they may claim the right of first possession. "First come, first served," is an adage they might appeal to, which, however, does not appear to have great force in the hall at present. For the monument to Alderman Beckford is for a second time removed. We have seen an engraving representing him as he formerly stood, in the centre at the west end of the hall. Of late years he has bowed a welcome to all as a pendant to the Nelson Memorial, and now he has just again blandly shifted his quarters to make way for the "Iron Duke." For this, however, the judgment of the Corporation will "moult no feather." Though Nelson ended his career at Trafalgar before the commencement of Wellington's successes in the Peninsula, yet history will ever look upon them as brother heroes, who in their different services, during the same war, repelled the tide of iniquitous aggression. The City have availed themselves of this parallelism, and emphasised it into an Art fact as well as an historic fact. This association of these heroes will combine these two central sculptural decorations of their hall into a kind of united service memorial, aesthetically true as regards the period and characteristics of the two men. And where else has this been done? Trafalgar Square should, as we have often before said, have had two monuments, one to Nelson and one to Wellington—one on either side, where the two fountains now are, and no pillar in the centre to block up the centre approach: but it can't be done now. In St. Paul's also, where the mortal remains of the two heroes lie, the memorials will not pair. If this parallelism is a

valuable feature for Art as well as history, why then all honour to the Corporation, and may they go on and prosper in their views of Art-encouragement.

But now we have something to say about the hall itself. It is a Gothic edifice with a Greek roof. We are not at all prepared to praise *this*. The roof, however, is fortunately *temporary*, and it is quite time for its *tempus* to end. We know that the architectural movements in the locality are regulated by a mind of great taste, and of a liberality that will excuse our suggesting that the appearance of the great festive hall of London would be vastly improved by a light from above by means of a Gothic roof (perhaps of iron and glass, but we won't commit ourselves to this), and an encaustic tile pavement of bold pattern and solid colours. The fact is, the hall wants a better light, and it wants colour. The latter not all over like the interior of St. Denis or La Sainte Chapelle, but here and there on the walls, and especially in the floor; the very stones of which, broken and uneven as they are, cry out for redress, or rather, we would say, for removal. The length of the hall is 153 feet, the breadth 50, and the height 55.

As it may be of interest to some of our readers, we subjoin some particulars, of cost especially, connected with the memorials to distinguished personages that decorate the hall. The expense of erecting that to the Earl of Chatham, by Bacon, in 1782, was £3421 4s. The inscription was by Burke. That to the great earl's great son, William Pitt, by Bubb, in 1813, cost the City £4078 17s. 3d. The inscription is by Canning. That to Beckford, which has just been removed to the arch to the west of that occupied by the Nelson cenotaph, was executed by Moore in 1770; but there is no record of its cost. The sole inscription on this is a speech to royalty, once made by this worthy alderman in the good old days of George III., which, we fear, would make Mr. Thackeray place him among his "snobs." The last on the list of memorials is the tribute to Admiral Lord Nelson, which was completed in 1810 by Mr. James Smith, at the cost of £4442. The inscription is by Sheridan. It is to be regretted in this memorial that it contains no portrait of Nelson, except a medallion—held, too, by Britannia, with the jealousy of true affection, in such a position that no one can see it but herself! A memorial thus treated rather suggests "Hamlet without the prince;" but with this exception it must be held to be satisfactory, as it possesses all the legitimate adjuncts of such naval tributes—for instance, Britannia, also her lion, and Neptune, and a figure engraving the achievements of the hero on his tomb.

The cost of these memorials strike us as small compared to parallel works in other situations; as, for instance, for that to Rodney in St. Paul's, which is not larger than the smallest we have enumerated, £6000 was paid to Rossi, R.A. Against this, however, we may place the sum paid to the late Sir F. Chantrey by the Corporation for the single statue of King George III., in the Council Chamber, in Guildhall, which we find recorded as having been £3089 5s. These discrepancies in price suggest that advantage might arise from some more definite rule prevailing in this respect. Certainly, as it is, some works of sculpture are paid too much for, or some too little. The results are, in neither case, advantageous to Art. Might not this afford a subject for consideration by our Institute of British Sculptors?

The City of London, as we remarked in the beginning of this article, is setting an example of liberal and judicious expenditure upon the art of sculpture, which we trust will not be lost either on the Government or on the wealthy provincial corporations which have the means of "doing likewise."

### SUNSHINE.

FROM THE STATUE BY J. DURHAM.

FLAXMAN, in his sixth lecture, observes, "The sculptor must not forget that his art is limited, in comparison with painting; colours and their effects are beyond his bounds: whether the act he represents was performed in the bright mid-day sun-shine, or the darkness of midnight, concerns him not—his forms must be equally perfect. Even in bas-relief, a tree or two, some rude stone, or a wall slightly marked in the background, must indicate a forest, a mountain, or a palace, without detailing a portrait of their component parts." With such restricted powers, as regards design or composition, a work of sculpture that offers to us an original idea must ever invite attention and command respect, even when the execution or carrying out of the idea might probably scarcely justify it. Originality in Art evidences thought, study, independence, and self-reliance; he who seeks it looks away from the past, and onward into some unknown region of fancy, where Thought has not hitherto penetrated, nor Imagination as yet found a resting-place.

In his search after originality, however, the sculptor must be careful that he does not step beyond the legitimate bounds of his own art into the domains of the art of another—as that of the painter, for example; for the conditions of all imitative arts are so true and definable that they cannot be encroached upon or interrupted without danger to him who makes the attempt. "Though sculpture cannot steal from painting the natural colour of objects, it does, nevertheless, too frequently pretend to dispute with it those kinds of subjects which owe their true value to the effect of colouring and aerial perspective; and the art of the sculptor has been seen to attempt in stone the production of skies, distances, and landscapes. In like manner the painter will be found treating subjects that narrative alone can give a value to, or render intelligible; and the dramatic poet making excursions into the territory of the historian, or the epic poet, &c. . . . Art owes the only superiority its images can possess over reality to their keeping within the bounds of their particular nature; for the happiest results of imitation depend on a faithful adherence to its elementary principle. . . . It is for want of an adequate knowledge of the means or conditions of imitation considered as to the end to be kept in view—it is for want of comprehending the conventions on which the ideal depends, and the force of their consequences, that the artist often commits in his works the most outrageous inconsistencies; so that while we see one looking forward to the right end without following the proper track, we see another entering on the proper track without thinking of the end to which it leads."

Our first impression when looking at Mr. Durham's statue of "Sunshine" was, that the subject is not within the proper limits of sculpture, inasmuch as the idea is not complete in itself; it seemed, on a primary consideration, to require what the art can by no possibility give to render the idea perfect: a little thought, however, was sufficient to satisfy us that our first impression was erroneous. The proper attributes of sculpture are sentiment, or action, allied with beauty of form, and here the last two qualities are united; the light or sunshine, which alone is required to make the idea perfect, is supplied, inferentially, by the action. It follows that such a statue should always be placed where the light would fall upon it according to the laws of nature: it should be neither in the corner nor the centre of a room, unless the windows be so arranged that the rays of light fall down upon the figure.

The figure—that of a young girl—is very gracefully and correctly modelled; the attitude is unconstrained and perfectly natural; the sharpness of the shaded part of the right arm, which seems to cause the limb to lose something of its rotundity, is occasioned by the strong light which falls upon the arm in the room where it stood when the drawing was made. It is of small size, and executed in marble; has not yet been exhibited, and therefore, we presume, is still the property of the sculptor: but Mr. Durham proposes to send it to the forthcoming "Art-Treasure Exhibition" in Manchester, where there can be little doubt it will not long remain unsold.

\* De Quincey on "Imitation in the Fine Arts."

THE WELLINGTON MONUMENT,  
IN GUILDFHALL.

THE Wellington Monument is now in its place in Guildhall, on the right of the doorway leading to the city offices, and forming a pendant to the Nelson Monument on the other side of that entrance. At the time of our visit the work was seen under the greatest disadvantage, being then, as yet, almost screened by the scaffolding; certain of the details of the erection not having been accomplished: it will not be inaugurated till after the 9th of November. In consequence of the preparations necessary for the usual civic festival on that day, the sculptor has been compelled to suspend his operations for three or four weeks. In comparison with Bacon's monument to Pitt, and that already mentioned to Nelson by Smith, the new monument reads most impressively. Moreover, Mr. Bell's composition consists principally of a portrait statue—incomparably the most valuable object in every monumental erection, and the more valuable in inverse proportion to the quantity of allegorical accessory. In Bacon's work, Pitt is the least significant of the figures—the beehive, even, is more prominent; the composition is full of commonplace, and hence the poetry does not rise above a vulgar strain. In the Nelson Monument the *personae* are not so numerous, the style of the narrative is more solemn; but Nelson himself is not there—an omission which gives to the monument a sepulchral rather than a biographical and commemorative character, which we submit should be that of all honorary memorials. Britannia and Neptune are mourning the death of the hero, and History has just concluded a record of his achievements on the tablet behind; but he whom it most concerns is absent. The Wellington Memorial is as simple as an allegorical composition can well be, presenting a portrait of the Duke, not as a Greek hero, nor in a Roman drapery, but as he was known and is remembered, wearing, as well as the scaffolding permitted the statue to be seen, a plain frock coat. The monument, which is of great weight, is supported by a brick-built pedestal, describing in its projection from the wall the arc of a circle, which is being faced with marble. The only inscriptions above and below the composition are the three words, "Wisdom," "Duty," "Honour," at the base, and above the statue the far-famed title "Wellington." On one side of the statue is Peace, and on the other War, in allusion to the Duke's having passed one half of his career in arms, and the other half as a statesman. Between these figures the hero stands holding in his left hand a marshal's baton, and in his right a copy of the articles of the peace of 1815. The same feeling is observed on the pedestal, as, below Peace, there is an ornamental shield presenting a dove with an olive branch, and inscribed, "Pax imponere morem," from the ultimate charge of Anchises to Æneas, in the sixth book of the Æneid. Beneath the figure of War is a shield bearing the Wellington crest and motto—a lion's head with the words, "Virtutis fortuna comes," and between these is a relief illustrating the most critical period of the battle of Waterloo. The age at which the Duke is represented, is between fifty and sixty, some years after the close of his brilliant military career, but yet in the prime of life. The figures have all been modelled to the same scale—that is, a stature of eight feet six inches, and the weight of each figure is about five tons, and seldom have we seen so much marble constituting one monument turn out so well. As far as could be well effected, it forms a pendant to the Nelson memorial on the other side of the doorway; the two works rise from similar bases, and a pediment is placed behind each in the arch. The cost of the work is £5000, and it has been executed and erected in a period a little over two years—a very short space for a work of such dimensions. These three monuments illustrate three remarkable transitional periods in the history of our school of sculpture. Bacon's monument is conceived in the full licence of allegory; Smith's shows its decadence, but is more sepulchral than monumental than the majority of those in St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey. We are now arrived at the historical period of public monuments, in which a portrait statue of the personage commemorated is indispensable as the principal in the composition.

## OBITUARY.

## DR. EMILE BRAUN.

The continental papers mention the death of this distinguished antiquarian, at his residence on Monte Caprino, Rome. Dr. Braun was secretary of the Archaeological Society of Rome, and is well known to antiquarians by his published lectures on Roman antiquities, and by his "Handbook" on the same subject. He contributed to the *Art-Journal*, in 1850, some papers on "Electrotyping applied to Art-manufactures," and a little pamphlet, of which he was author, on "Classical Iconography," was referred to by us in the preceding year, in our notice of the meeting at Birmingham of the "British Association." The model of the Coliseum in the Crystal Palace at Sydenham was made under his directions. Dr. Braun's acquirements were not limited to a thorough knowledge of antiquities: he was learned in many of the sciences; and his death, at a comparatively early age, must be greatly deplored in the scientific world.

## MR. JOSEPH POWELL.

Among the recent deaths among artists to which we are called upon to direct attention, we have to announce that of Mr. Joseph Powell; he died young—his age was about twenty-two, but he had given large promise of future fame, and had already gained the best honours of his profession. To him was awarded two silver medals of the Royal Academy, in 1854, and the gold medal in 1855. There can be no doubt of his great success had his life been prolonged. When referring to his "honours" in 1856, but a few short months ago, we thus observed:—"With our congratulations we shall also offer a word of advice: he must remember he has only just entered upon the path which leads to fame; he has an arduous journey before him; and if he desire to reach the end of it honourably, and to secure himself a lasting reputation, he must be 'up and doing, laboriously, studiously, and perseveringly.'"

Unhappily, Mr. Powell was not one of those who united prudence to genius—his habits were undoubtedly those which impair intellect and shorten life. With the best prospects, he sought to enjoy the present and not the future—his youth was squandered, and the world has sustained a loss which it has doubly to deplore. There is a lesson in the career of those who fail scarcely less impressive than in that of those who succeed in life, while the one is far more solemn than the other. The cases are few in which men cannot walk in the path they have deliberately chosen; very often failures are things that need not be. Mr. Powell was certainly the author of his own destiny; he had many advantages of which he declined to avail himself. It was our task more than once (during our intercourse with him, and while employing him to make drawings of several of the statues engraved in the *Art-Journal*) to reason with him concerning the wisdom of husbanding the resources of life; he was, to adopt an emphatic, but commonplace figure, burning the "candle at both ends," misapplying his powers, and wasting his energies, and exhausting his constitution; and it is our sad and painful duty, in recording his death, to warn young men of genius as we did him—we hope not always in vain!

## MR. THOMAS HOPPER.

The name of this gentleman, an architect of high reputation, appears among the "deaths" lately announced in the public journals. Mr. Hopper's life was one of unusual length—he had nearly reached his seventy-ninth year—and of remarkable activity. Our contemporary, the *Builder*, gives the following list as some of the edifices erected from his designs and under his superintendence:—the Conservatory, and other works at Carlton House, for George IV. when Prince Regent; Slane Castle, Ireland, for the Marquis of Conyngham; Penryn Castle, Bangor; Margam, in South Wales, "a noble mansion in the enriched Tudor style"; Dunkeld, Scotland, for the late Duke of Atholl; Leigh Court, near Bristol, for the late Mr. Miles; Llanover Court, Monmouthshire, for Sir Benjamin Hall; Gasford Castle, Armagh; Arthur's Club House, St. James's Street;

the Atlas Fire Office, Cheapside; and the Legal and General Life Office, Fleet Street. Mr. Hopper was a competitor for the General Post-Office, and he subsequently published his designs, as he did also his plans for the New Houses of Parliament. "On the whole," concludes the writer, "we cannot but feel that, by his death, a man of mark and power has been taken from among us."

## MR. WILLIAM YARRELL.

Although not strictly within the limits of our necrology, we ought not to allow the death, on the 31st of August, of "the good old British sportsman and naturalist," William Yarrell, to pass without a line or two of notice. In the early part of his life an enthusiastic angler and a keen sportsman, he brought, in after years, the knowledge he had acquired in these pursuits into the world of literature; his "British Birds," and "British Fishes," are valuable contributions to the science of natural history: while the illustrations that ornament the pages of these books, chiefly we believe from his own pencil, are among the most beautiful examples of their kind to be found in any volume. His contributions of papers to the Linnean Society, the Royal Society, and others, evidence the large amount of information he was possessed of as a naturalist. He died suddenly, while on a trip to Yarmouth by sea, and at the age of seventy-two.

THE  
ART-TREASURES' EXHIBITION  
AT MANCHESTER.

We have little to report on this interesting subject—except that matters are progressing in a manner entirely satisfactory. The committee are labouring with industry and energy; the several employés are actively working; the building is gradually moving towards completion; and, especially, the possessors of works of Art throughout the kingdom are, with scarcely an exception, according to the project their cordial support. The list of noblemen and gentlemen who have arranged to contribute pictures is now so long, that to print it would be to occupy more space than we can afford: it will suffice to say, that the liberal example of Her Majesty and the Prince has been followed by the best of her subjects.

There is consequently a certainty that the collection of Art-treasures, in pictures, will be the most extensive and valuable that has ever been, or perhaps ever will be, gathered in any one building. To see this wonderful sight, the Art-lovers of all parts of the world will no doubt visit Manchester; and we trust the summer of 1857 will be as auspicious to Art as was the summer of 1851. We have now the hope of seeing realised the truth of a statement we made two years ago, in reviewing Dr. Waagen's "Art-Treasures in Great Britain," that "if we could gather into one focus the heaps of Art-treasures which are scattered through the broad face of our country . . . if the noble would strip his ancestral halls, the princely merchant his palace, and the wealthy manufacturer his home of luxurious enjoyment, we might challenge any country to produce an exhibition surpassing this—nay, even to equal it."

As our readers know, pictures will not be the only Art-treasures here collected: every conceivable class of Art will be represented—not only from stores in England, but from those of the Continent.

With respect to Art-manufacture—that is to say, the Art-manufacture of the present time—we are not yet in a condition to supply our readers with sufficient information, or to reply to the many communications we have received on this important branch of the subject. We shall be better able to write concerning it in a month or two, when the arrangements of the committee are further advanced.

It is not intended to make the exhibition an exhibition of manufactured works; but such as are of special merit will not be excluded because they are modern: on the contrary, they will be desired and asked for, although the issue of letters applying for contributions of that class are necessarily postponed for a time.

The Exhibition of Art-treasures at Manchester, then, so progresses as to remove all doubts of its entire success.

## MINOR TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

MR. E. M. WARD, R.A., has been honoured by another commission from the Queen for a picture; the former, as was announced some time since, being the Investiture of the Emperor of the French with the Order of the Garter; here we shall see the pomp and glitter of sovereigns and nobles arrayed to pay honour to the living. The subject selected by Her Majesty for the new picture is of a very different character—the visit of the Queen to the Tomb of Napoleon, during her short sojourn in Paris, last year. This remarkable historical incident will, no doubt, make a most interesting picture, but it will prove a difficult subject to treat, arising from the peculiarity of circumstance no less than from the diverse materials, of personages and costumes, which must, of necessity, be included in the composition: there will be again the pageantry of regal state, yet not, as in the other, shining in the blaze of day, but environed by the shadows of the sepulchre, inviting expressive silence and solemn contemplation. The task has, however, been confided to competent hands, so that we are under no apprehension as to the result. Mr. Ward is, we believe, at present in Paris, making the necessary studies for his work.

TURNER'S PICTURES.—We believe we are not premature in announcing that the pictures bequeathed by Turner to the nation will be exhibited next year at Marlborough House; the authorities of the National Gallery are now occupied in preparing them for this purpose. About one hundred is, we believe, the number which the trustees consider in a condition to be exhibited; and unquestionably such a wonderful and glorious display of landscape pictorial art as will then be seen, the public can have no idea of. While speaking of this subject, we may remark that the picture, by Turner, engraved in our last number, and called "The Fall of Carthage" is "The Morning of the Chase," representing Dido and Eneas preparing for hunting. Our engraving was copied from an old print, without any name or title; the latter was done at Turner's own expense many years back, from one of his earliest, and, in his own opinion, his finest painting of that class; it is now the property of the nation. We had never seen the picture till after the article was published; and it is many years since we saw the "Fall of Carthage," hence the error in the title of our engraving.

THE WELLINGTON MONUMENT IN ST. PAUL'S.—It has been suggested to us that in one of the clauses of the specification for this work an ambiguity of wording occurs, liable to be misunderstood—if not at home, at least abroad: we hasten, therefore, to mention it. The clause specifies that the composition models shall be each one fourth the size of the proposed work. Now size is a vague word; at least it is often used unprecisely, as instanced in the present case. One fourth *scale* is, we presume, what is intended. If so, it might be well to add in explanation that the area of the base of each model is to be three feet three inches by two feet three inches—that in St. Paul's set apart for the monument being thirteen feet by nine. The most usual expression "professionally," we believe, would be that the models are to be done on a *scale* of three inches to a foot. One fourth the size is properly *one-fourth* the mass; but one-fourth the *scale* is *one sixty-fourth* the mass: a wide difference, and one calculated to frustrate the judicious intention of the clause, which evidently desires to provide for uniformity of scale in the competing models, and consequent facility of comparison.

EARLY ENGLISH PICTURES.—A correspondent calls our attention to the number of early English pictures that are scattered over the country in various places, especially in the metropolis and at Hampton Court, and suggests the desirableness of collecting these for the purpose of placing them in the National Gallery. He points out especially three paintings in a room in the Bridewell Prison—a building that, we believe, is no longer to be used for the purposes to which it has been lately devoted. These pictures are a half-length portrait by Hudson; a full-length by Mrs. Beale, who lived in the reign of James II.; and a portrait of a mounted cavalier, the joint production of Wootton and Richardson, who flourished in the early part of the last century. "It has always seemed to me a pity," says our

correspondent, "that though our native artists, and especially the predecessors of Reynolds, are not very numerous, we should not make the most of them, and collect specimens in our national institutions." There is little doubt that the works of these painters just named, and even of the Rileys, Walkers, Dobs, and others, would possess little value as pictures, but they would be interesting as showing the earliest efforts of the British school; and, moreover, were the Directors of the National Gallery to procure specimens of Morland, Barry, Harlow, &c., they might thus form a gallery of our school, which undoubtedly the country ought to possess. We give large prices for early Italian paintings, of little use except as curiosities; surely a hundred or two of pounds might now and then be spared to collect a few works by those Englishmen who laid the foundation of the Arts of their country.

THE STATUE OF CHARLES JAMES FOX, from the chisel of E. Baily, R.A., has recently been erected in its place in the New House of Commons; the work is highly characteristic of the distinguished statesman, whose burly form, energetic but benign expression of physiognomy, and defiant action in oratory, are forcibly, but not offensively, represented by the sculptor.

THE ART-PATRIOTIC EXHIBITION which recently closed has added no less a sum to the general fund, in support of which the collection was made and opened, than £4732; this amount the secretary of the Royal Commission acknowledges to have received from the Committee, as profits arising from the Exhibition.

THE PICTURE GALLERY AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE is closed; and it is intended to replace it during the winter by a collection of photographs. We presume there will be another Picture Exhibition during the spring of next year: the Directors cannot doubt its being prominent among the attractions; no part of the building has been so well attended as the Picture Gallery; and although sometimes inconveniently crowded, we have heard of no accident—of nothing, indeed, that could militate against the continuation of a plan from which visitors obviously derive much enjoyment, while they are instructed. This is after all the only modern picture gallery in England to which the public is admitted altogether free: and we have obtained ample evidence that it is entirely appreciated. We trust the Directors will themselves, more directly than they seem to have done, superintend the arrangements for the next exhibition—that they will take care the pictures are properly and justly selected; and especially that they will prevent in future the very coarse way in which the pictures and drawings have been defaced by pasting large pieces of yellow paper over the frames and glasses, in many instances blotting out important parts of drawings, and in all cases giving proofs of the worst possible taste. We believe the directors may render this exhibition the most valuable part of the Palace, and earnestly hope their attention will be directed to its right and proper management.

THE TWO "BIG" WORKS OF MAROCHETTI have been removed from the Crystal Palace; and it is now admitted on all hands that the public are great gainers thereby. The friends of Marochetti have also reason to be grateful.

A PORTRAIT OF THE LORD MAYOR, David Salamons, Esq., has been hung in the Guildhall Council Chamber, by the unanimous vote of his fellow citizens. It is painted by Hart, and was in "the Exhibition" of the present year. In a few days his Lordship will have retired from the high office he has held, as chief magistrate of the city of London; and it is not too much to say that he has so discharged his duties as to have obtained the "golden opinions" of all classes and orders. He has, indeed, so acted as to have placed by "his year" a serious impediment in the way of those who seek to abolish the Corporation of London; for no "reform" could give to the city a gentleman more entitled to esteem and respect, of wiser practical knowledge as a magistrate, more thoroughly upright, more "liberal," in the best sense of the term, or with faculties better calculated to discharge honourably and usefully the various and onerous duties which fall to the lot of the Lord Mayor of London. He has upheld and extended its old renown; added to its fame for hospitality; fostered

the arts of peace; promoted the prospects of numerous charities; and seems to have represented and advocated all the private and public interests by which the welfare of the country and its dependencies could be advanced. We tender our tribute of respect to this estimable gentleman; not alone for his exertions to benefit Art, and to honour its professors, but as one who seems to have left nothing undone that ought to have been done during his official year, and who leaves office honoured, esteemed, and respected—not alone in London, but everywhere throughout the kingdom.

SIBERIAN AND CHINESE SCENERY.—A most extraordinary collection of water-colour drawings is at present "on view" in the rooms of Messrs. D. Colnaghi & Co., Pall Mall East. These drawings are by Mr. T. W. Atkinson, who, with the permission and under the protection of the late Emperor of Russia, passed seven years hunting, travelling, and sketching in those portions of the autocrat's dominions which comprehend Siberia, Chinese Tartary, and the parts adjacent—a country much of which has never before been illustrated by the pencil of the artist. We could fill a page or two with descriptions of what Mr. Atkinson has brought away with him in his pictures of lakes, mountains, deserts, steppes, waterfalls, tracks which the foot of man seems never to have trodden, and waters whose surface has never reflected light but the heavens above them and the hills which encircle them; but our space would not permit us to do the collection justice, and we will only ask our readers to go and see for themselves.

ANTIQUE IVORIES.—Not very long since three of the most important antique works in ivory were brought to England for sale. The first in point of date is a Roman work of the second century, of the finest possible character: it is conjectured to be a money-box—the "occulus eborens" of Martial. Upon the semicircular front is sculptured in high relief a figure of Bacchus holding the cantharus and thyrsus, with a panther at his feet; on his right stands a Bacchante with a tympanum, and on his left a Faun clothed in a leopard's skin, carrying a wine skin and pedum. The box is four inches in diameter; and has a sliding lid, upon which is sculptured a figure of Fortune, greatly resembling that upon the coins of Hadrian. The second of these new importations consists of a diptych of the fourth century, each plaque of ivory measuring 13*1*/<sub>2</sub> by 5*1*/<sub>2</sub> inches: having been originally used as covers for an "evangelarium" the sculpture is somewhat rude, but is evidently of Byzantine work,—inasmuch as the figures are giving the benediction of the hand in the peculiar manner of the early Greek Church. The figures are those of the four evangelists, and above them are representations of the Saviour with the woman of Samaria, and the sick man lifting his bed to walk. The third object is even more rare and curious, and is a small *benoitoire*, or bucket, for holy water, made in one single piece of ivory, and covered with a series of scripture stories and inscriptions, one of which informs us that it was made for Otho, Emperor of Germany. From the style of work it is conjectured to have been done by Bishop Burward, of Hildesheim, about the year 983, for Otho III. Twelve scriptural scenes cover its surface, embracing the events in the life of the Saviour, from his betrayal by Judas to his appearance before St. Thomas. The details of dress, ornament, and architecture on this ivory are most elaborate and curious; it is by far the finest thing of the kind known to exist. The only similar work is that in the Ambrosian treasury at Milan, but it is by no means so highly enriched as this, which, together with the others we have named, is now possessed by Mr. Chaffers, of Grafton Street, Bond Street, who will be happy to show them to all interested in fine antique art.

PICTURES BY HAYDON.—It may not be uninteresting to those of our readers who are not acquainted with the works of Haydon to know that Mr. Barratt, of the Strand, a dealer in pictures, has in his possession four examples of his pencil, three of which are his best productions—the "Marcus Curtius," "Christ raising the Widow's Son," and "Christ's Agony in the Garden," admirably adapted to adorn the walls of one of our Schools of Design, Haydon's master-mind having been the originator of those academies. The fourth is a small whole-length figure, representing a soldier of the French

Imperial Guard musing at Waterloo; the original figure on this canvas was a portrait of the Duke of Wellington, but the duke taking exception to it as an incident not founded on truth, saying that he "never was alone on the field of Waterloo," Haydon, with his usual impetuosity of temper, transformed the hero of the field into one of his vanquished foes. He speaks of it thus in the third volume of his autobiography:—"At the first dawn of morning had a flash of an Imperial Guard, musing at Waterloo, as a fitting companion for Napoleon. Finished it over the Duke! This is the first time an Imperial Guard extinguished the Duke."

**WAR MEMORIALS.**—The return of peace does not appear to shut out from the public mind all thoughts of the events of the past war, for we hear of proposals in various quarters for erecting tributes to the memory of those officers who died in the Crimea, on the field of action, in the trenches, and the hospital. Eton, Harrow, Winchester, and Rugby, are collecting subscriptions to be applied in honour of the dead whose early life was passed within the walls of these respective public schools; and a memorial window is about to be placed over the principal staircase of the Army and Navy Club, Pall Mall, in commemoration of those members of the club who have fallen. "It is to be," says the *Builder*, "in the Venetian-Italian style, and will exhibit a number of tablets bearing the arms of the club, and the names and dates of the engagements. The architraves will be of Sienna marble, with panels of black marble, on which will be inscribed in letters of gold the names of the deceased officers."

MR. CHARLES KEAN has sustained his reputation, and increased the debt the public owe to him, by the manner in which he has brought out the "Midsummer Night's Dream." It is sufficient to say, that this new effort to make the drama a great teacher corresponds in excellence with its predecessors: happily, his experiments have been entirely successful; he has been fully appreciated—not always the fate of men who labour rightly for the general good. We are compelled to postpone the notice to which he is entitled at our hands.

**NATURAL CLOUDS—PHOTOGRAPHY.**—Nothing shows the importance and estimation in which Photography is held so much as the prominent position given to it at all the exhibitions intended for the advancement of taste, and the instruction of the people. How intimately, too, is Photography connected with Art, and with how much interest are the labours of the "pilgrims of the sun" looked for; this is evidenced by the numbers who attend the annual London and provincial exhibitions. Every good photograph, in fact, helps to extend a juster appreciation of the varied powers and applications of an invention whose influence is, no doubt, destined to play so high a part. Year by year a greater ambition is exhibited, both in the choice and composition of subjects; and every admirer of the art is familiarised with correct forms and truthful representations. We have been led into these remarks in consequence of having just seen a series of photographs of *natural clouds*, which, to artists, must possess immense value. In this series (executed for and under the direction of Messrs. Murray and Heath, of Piccadilly) many of those beautiful and fantastic forms so familiar to artists, and all who have watched the ever-varying changes of the sky, are depicted. Some of these photographs tell of coming storms, while others recall Moore's lines:

"Twas one of those ambrosial eves  
A day of storm so often leaves  
At its calm setting—when the west  
Opens her golden bowers of rest."

All artists and photographers will not fail to inspect this new addition to the triumphs of Photography; they will be amply repaid by the pleasure they enjoy and the instruction they derive from one of the happiest forms in which Art is made to copy Nature.

**SCOTT'S POEMS.**—Messrs. A. and C. Black, of Edinburgh, are preparing for publication, and will shortly issue, an illustrated edition of Scott's "Lord of the Isles," uniform with their previous editions of "Marmion" and "The Lady of the Lake." A few of the "proof sheets" have reached us, from which we are able to form the opinion that it will be equal in excellence to its predecessors. We expect in a future number to give our readers the opportunity of judging for themselves of the merits of the illustrations.

## REVIEWS.

**L'IMITATION DE JESUS CHRIST; ACCOMPAGNÉE DE QUATRE CENTS COPIES DE PLUS BEAUX MANUSCRITS DU XVII<sup>e</sup> AU XVII<sup>e</sup> SIECLE.** Published by L. CURMER, Paris.

In bygone times, when books were rare, and one volume occupied many years hard labour to write upon the vellum, such labour was thought worthy the utmost adornment of Art, and hands like those of Julio Clovio were employed to decorate the pages which emanated from the monkish *scriptorium*. Resplendent with colours and gilding, the volumes deserved the term which the French antiquaries of the last century invented for them. They are "illuminated" by a radiance peculiar to themselves; and it is only in recent times that they have been rivalled by modern bibliopolists. Colour printing, by means of lithography, has lately done much to reproduce, by the thousand, transcripts of what must have singly occupied years to accomplish in the middle ages. At that period the loan of a book was an affair of anxious solicitude on both sides; and we have records of kings, princes, and churchmen, entering into bonds for the safe return of volumes, if once lent, with all the formalities which would now await the surrender of a city. A library of a few dozen volumes in those days was a kingly property; and a single book a thing to be more cherished than gold. On the decoration of valuable manuscripts large sums were spent, and the precious metals often used for their covers; stones of brilliant hue also decorated them, as well as ivory carving, and works in enamel. How, then, can we contrast the time past with the time present better than by instancing such a publication as this by M. Curmer, where we have the finest and most delicate drawings of the middle ages reproduced in all their beauty of finish, and with all their brilliancy of colour and gilding, at the rate of about fourpence each page? The famous old devotional work of Thomas-à-Kempis will now appear, framed as it were, in the finest mediaeval drawings, exhibiting a selection of the most beautiful pages from the best manuscripts in the various great French libraries. Truly we live in a marvellous age, when such books can be placed at a cheap rate in the hands of all.

**THE HISTORY AND ANTIQUITIES OF ST. DAVID'S.** By W. B. JONES, M.A., and E. A. FREEMAN, M.A. Published by J. H. PARKER, London.

Situated at the extreme point of South Wales, in a lonely and desolate country, the ancient episcopal see of St. David's has been rarely visited by the tourist or antiquary. The market town of Haverfordwest is the nearest to it, but that is sixteen miles distant, and the intermediate country dreary in the extreme; wanting in trees and verdure, and exposed to the extreme violence of the sea-winds, the situation chosen for the important monastic establishment founded here, can only be accounted for on the supposition that it was considered desirable to render the contemplation of the world without the cloister as unseuctive as possible, and so concentrate the mind on the religious duties within it, rendering their due observance the only pleasure left to the inmates. This arrangement, suitable to the asceticism of the early cloister, and which finds a parallel in the establishments of La Trappe, the Grand Chartreuse, and a few other continental foundations, was of course completely unfitted for the reformed church, and, consequently, non-residency and neglect became, after a time, one result of the great change; from time to time portions of the buildings fell in, and "the final fruits of sacrifice and negligence" exhibit themselves in the ruins now remaining.

It is due to the present dignitaries of the see to note their desire to arrest further decay, and it may also be stated that general subscriptions for restorations of portions of the building have been secured. The publication of the present beautiful volume will, however, do most towards protecting this venerable group of sacred buildings, by drawing attention to their claims, historical and archaeological. As a piece of well-illustrated local topography, the work takes a high position. It is well and honestly done, and its authors have told "a plain, unvarnished tale" of the whole history of the see, sparing not to speak strongly, though calmly, of the neglect and errors of those who were its ordained guardians. It is pleasant to know that they now feel such neglect is over, and that a better fortune awaits this most interesting relic of old Dewi-land, a fame that all Welshmen are especially bound to honour. In the present bishop they gladly recognise a protector as well as a ruler; and the appearance of so able and elegant a volume as this, is a proof of a better spirit now existing for the protection of the relics of past ages.

The reader, or home-traveller, who would wish to be fully acquainted with this comparatively untried district, may be entirely satisfied with the labours of the gentlemen who have here devoted themselves to the task. So minutely careful are their notes of the district, that it is visible to "the mind's eye" as we peruse their pages, and we seem to travel the ground in their company. This is a rare qualification in topographers, though the genus abounds; and aided, as the book is, by a series of very admirably executed engravings on steel and wood, it leaves little to be desired by those who study the world in their libraries. The steel engravings are by Le Keux, from drawings by Mr. O. Jewitt, and are highly creditable to both artists. Mr. Jewitt has both drawn and engraved the wood-cuts, and thus added a few more examples to the many hundreds of admirable works of this kind upon which he has been engaged for a long series of years. The details have been selected with much taste, and the descriptive letter-press is written with sound knowledge. Many of the architectural fragments given by the authors are remarkable for beauty; and all display the loving zeal which guided the ancient bishops in the decoration of the cathedral church and its palatial and monastic buildings. We cannot help feeling that the day has gone by for any further irreverence as exhibited by neglect in the modern Church of England; and it is a satisfaction to all true Protestants to see the awakened zeal for a due protection and restoration of the ancient churches of our fathers throughout the length and breadth of the land. Ignorance is always the father of desecration; and such works as the present will do more for the good cause of conservatism than any other thing. "Tempus fugit—scripta manent," says the old saw; and we all anxiously look to the preservation of recorded things in History or Art, which, but for the author and artist, might else have rotted in oblivion, uncared for because unknown.

**THE MICROSCOPE AND ITS REVELATIONS.** By WILLIAM CARPENTER, M.D., F.R.S., F.G.S. Published by J. CHURCHILL, London.

Doctor Carpenter's work on the microscope has been long expected, and much has been said as to the fresh sources of pleasure and information it would open to the man of science, as well as to the student. It is now upon our table, and we confess ourselves astonished, not only at the vast amount of practical knowledge contained in its pages, but at the clear and concise manner in which that knowledge is conveyed. It would occupy a much larger space than we can give to any one scientific subject, were we to attempt to draw attention to a tithe of the marvels so happily simplified in this noble volume. A greater boon could hardly be given to the public, and at this season too, when even the dwellers in pent-up cities go forth for their brief holiday, and can bring home so much that will, by the aid of the simplest microscope, enlighten and interest that home during the long and too frequently listless evenings of winter. We are not little proud at having our own impression of the superiority of the chief English microscope makers over their continental rivals confirmed by such an authority as Dr. Carpenter, and on this point he assures us he not only speaks from his own conviction, but from the authority of a "highly-accomplished German microscopist, who has recently visited London for the express purpose of making the comparison." Dr. Carpenter says, "It has been the author's object throughout to guide the possessor of a microscope to the *intelligent* study of any department of natural history that his individual tastes may lead him to follow out, and his particular circumstances may give him facilities for pursuing; and he has particularly aimed to show, under each head, how small is the amount of reliable knowledge already acquired, compared with that which remains to be attained by the zealous and persevering student." Dr. Carpenter regrets also, in his preface, that so much microscopic power should run to waste in this country, and to a scientific man this is a very natural source of regret; but the very "waste" of such power contains a fertilising principle within itself which cannot but be productive of good. All reading-rooms, and mechanics' institutes, and schools, ought to have a table appropriated to a microscope, and a drawer properly constructed and filled with "objects." To this plan there are two objections: one, the expense of a *good* microscope; the other that "the objects" would be destroyed by unskillful or careless hands, if not constantly watched by the curator of the establishment. The first is the great objection: the only cheap microscope is that produced by Mr. G. Fields, of Birmingham, to whom the medal of the Society of Arts was lately awarded. Dr. Carpenter states that "the price of this instrument complete, with two eye-pieces, and two achromatic

objectives, giving a range of power from about 25 to 200 diameters, condenser on a separate stand, stage, forceps, and live-box, in a mahogany case, is only three guineas, and the maker is bound by his agreement with the Society of Arts, to keep it always in stock, so as to supply any purchaser at once." But this microscope is not sufficiently comprehensive for the purpose we have suggested, although of much value to those who seek amusement rather than science. Dr. Carpenter strongly recommends Smith and Beck's Student's Microscope, and that can be procured for seven pounds; but since the introduction of aquaria into our domestic circle, Mr. Warrington's Universal Microscope is "the tempting bait," as, by a peculiar arrangement, the compound microscope is brought to bear upon the living objects in the aquarium, when these might be either in contact with the glass sides, or not be far removed from it. The price of Mr. Warrington's microscope is not given, but we presume it may be obtained at Mr. Salmon's, in Fenchurch Street. For a different class of instruments, those of which the aim is not simplicity, but perfection—not the production of the best effect with limited means, but the attainment of everything that the microscope can accomplish, "without regard to cost or complexity"—we refer our readers to Dr. Carpenter's most valuable manual, only adding that it also contains 345 wood engravings, drawn by Mr. W. Begg, and engraved under his immediate superintendence.

ORR'S CIRCLE OF THE SCIENCES. Published by HOUTSON & STONEMAN; W. S. ORR & CO., London.

About three years since, so far as our recollection serves us, Mr. Orr entered upon the task of publishing, in cheap serial parts, a set of treatises on the first principles of science, with the application to practical pursuits, embracing every useful branch of philosophy; the entire series written in a style to render it popular, in the most extensive sense of the term, copiously illustrated by wood-cuts and diagrams to aid the reader in his studies, and published at so moderate a cost as to bring it within the reach of all who can spare a few pence each month for the purposes of self-education. To carry out effectively and satisfactorily the object of the projector, he called to his aid a number of scientific writers, eminent in their respective departments:—Dr. Bushnan, Professor Owen, Dr. Latham, Dr. E. Smith, and W. S. Dallas, F.L.S., as contributors of treatises on Organic Nature in its various developments; the Rev. J. F. Twisden, and A. Jardine, C.E., on the Mathematical Sciences; Professor Young, Mr. Breen, of the Greenwich Observatory, and Dr. Scovell on Nautical Astronomy, Practical Astronomy, and Meteorology, respectively; Dr. Scovell, on Elementary Chemistry; Professor Ansted on Physical Geography and Geology; the Rev. W. Mitchell on Crystallography; Professor Tennant on Mineralogy; Dr. Bronner, Mr. Gore, Mr. Sparling, &c., on Practical Chemistry; Rev. W. Mitchell and J. Inlay on Mechanical Philosophy.

This array of names, to all who are acquainted with the qualifications of these gentlemen, will prove a sufficient guarantee for the truth and accuracy of their labours, which have resulted in the issue of nine volumes,—or rather of eight at present, for the ninth is not yet quite completed,—forming a sort of miniature library of useful science. We can readily understand how in this age, when the pursuit of knowledge of every kind is eagerly followed by so many with craving appetites, such a table of substantial intellectual viands must prove most acceptable. On a careful examination of these volumes we are particularly struck with the vast amount of information contained in them, and with the concise, clear, yet comprehensive form in which it is conveyed, while there is no sacrifice of learning in order to attain simplicity: the aim of the writers has evidently been to combine the two. There will be no dearth of philosophera wherever the contents of these volumes have been mastered, and they certainly come within the acquisition of any whose intelligence is united to a sincere desire to perfect themselves in scientific knowledge—that kind of knowledge which, at the present time especially, is most anxiously sought after, as a "necessity" of our day.

Mr. Orr has done good service to education by the production of these and other excellent educational works; and we hear that he is about to follow up what has been already done, by the publication of another "Circle" of similar treatises on the "Application of Science to Industrial and Decorative Art," a series in the preparation of which he has already enlisted a number of contributors distinguished for their scientific and practical attainments. Of this series the first part is announced to appear in the present month.

CALISTHENICS; OR, THE ELEMENTS OF BODILY CULTURE ON PESTALOZZIAN PRINCIPLES: A CONTRIBUTION TO PRACTICAL EDUCATION. By HENRY DE LASPÉE. Published by DARTON & CO., London.

Fully admitting the importance of the subject of which M. De Laspée's book treats, we yet think his end might be attained by a less pretentious volume than this. Upwards of one hundred and sixty explanatory pages, most of them preceded by a sheet of illustrations exhibiting number of boys and girls performing all kinds of possible—and, as it seems to us, impossible—bodily contortions, are surely unnecessary to the development of his theories: it is dragging out the subject to an absurd length, besides impolitely making his book costly, as we presume. At least one-half of these illustrations are in our opinion useless, unless the pupil is intended for a harlequin or an opera-dancer, while many of them must have the effect of making the practice of bodily culture appear ridiculous. M. De Laspée is strongly opposed to gymnastic exercises, as tending to induce a brute physical strength separate and distinct from the intellectual life, and instances the revolutionary outbreak in Germany, in 1848, as the results of the gymnastic teachings throughout the whole of that country. "Just as the practice of gymnastics," he says, "was in full operation, and its effect on body and mind had reached its climax, the unnatural strength of the body, and its thereby excited senses, sought an outlet; thought, reflection, and good sense succumbed; and all that government did to arrest the monster in its progress could not prevent its bursting out into a revolution. The strongest men—the teachers and their best disciples in muscular power—became its leaders. Their strength, at the first outbreak of the revolution, struck every one with awe and terror, and all submitted to their dictates. Thus physical strength once more attained supremacy, and before it lay mighty princes and nations prostrate. Had this bodily agent been the obedient servant of a highly-endowed mind—had it been guided by wisdom and understanding, the conquests obtained by it would have remained in its possession. But it was not so, and strength having triumphed over the weakness around it, its warlike spirit turned against itself, until, at last, refuge from its horrors was sought in the counsel and aid of intellect. The extreme of intellect conquered the extreme of bodily culture."

In the prefatory "Instructions" are some sensible remarks on mental training; but we cannot see that the utmost proficiency in calisthenic exercises can operate beneficially on the mind; or, in other words, how the culture of the body can promote mental education, except as the health of the body generally produces a healthy tone of mind, and capacitates it for receiving and retaining what it may be taught. M. De Laspée contends for more than this when he asserts that his arguments, though limited to bodily culture, may with equal effect be applied to every other branch of study: we doubt this, but nevertheless recommend his book as a well-directed attempt to carry out a most useful branch of physical education, though, as before stated, his exercises might be advantageously curtailed.

THE MARRIAGE OF POCOHONTAS. Painted by H. BRUECKNER. Engraved and published by J. C. M'RAE, New York.

"During the lovely Indian summer-time, in the autumn of 1608, there was a marriage on the banks of the Powhatan, where the English had laid the corner-stone of the great fabric of Anglo-Saxon empire in the New World. It was celebrated in the second church which the English settlers had erected there. Like their first, which fire had devoured the previous winter, it was a rude structure, whose roof rested upon rough pine columns, fresh from the virgin forest, and whose adornments were little indebted to the hand of Art. The officiating priest was 'good Master Hunter,' who had lost all his books by the conflagration. . . . About five years later there was another marriage at Old Jamestown (the name given to the locality in question), in honour of which history, poetry, and song, have been employed. The bridegroom was 'Master John Rolfe, an honest gentleman, and of good behaviour, from the realm of England; and the bride was a princess royal, named Matoa, or Pocahontas, the well-beloved daughter of the emperor of the great Powhatan confederacy, on the Virginian peninsula. The officiating priest was Master Alexander Whitaker, a noble apostle of Christianity, who went to Virginia for the cure of souls." We may add to this that the royal bride paid a visit to England, was entertained by Dr. King, then Bishop of London, "with festival state and pomp," and died at Gravesend, in 1617, before she had reached the age of

twenty-two. From her many of the leading families in Virginia trace their lineage.

This little bit of history may be taken as the key to the large engraving entitled the "Marriage of Pocahontas," recently received from New York. The print is not from a finished picture, but from a cartoon, and hence there is an absence of delicacy, as well as of effect, in the engraving, which probably would have been supplied if copied from a finished work. The name of the painter is new to us among the artists of America, but his composition is evidently not that of a "prentice hand;" it is carried out with no little skill, judgment, and spirit, in the grouping of the large number of figures introduced, and to many of the heads he has given character and good expression. The subject is of a highly interesting nature, and well adapted for a picture—the mixed assemblage of the half-civilised, yet not inelegant, natives, and of the early European settlers in the costumes of the period, constitute a most picturesque group. It would be folly to expect in a large historical work like this as much excellence and as few defects, from the hand of an American artist, as we should look for from that of a European with all the means and appliances of Art-study at his elbow; yet we have seen as pretentious, and far less successful, works of a similar class in England and elsewhere. Mr. Brueckner's great fault—and in a composition of this nature the fault cannot be overlooked—is defective drawing; several of the figures are most incorrect.

There are portions of Mr. M'Ra'e's work which deserve to be well spoken of: the engraving is a mixture of line and stipple, but it seems to us as if more than one hand had been employed on it. Taking it as a whole, the print is very creditable to the rising school of Art in America, and shows an earnest and laudable desire to strive after an honourable position among the competitors for the artist's wreath. With the "Marriage of Pocahontas" we received two other prints, by the same engraver, from portraits by T. Hicks—one of Dr. Wainwright, Bishop of New York; the other of Mr. H. W. Beecher, brother of Mrs. Beecher Stowe: but so indifferently printed, that it would be unjust to the engraver to offer any opinion on his work.

APHORISMS IN DRAWING. By the REV. S. C. MALAN, M.A. Published by LONGMAN & CO., London.

Precepts expressed in concise and intelligible language, as we find them in this little book, are more likely to fasten themselves on the memory than when extended to considerable, and often unnecessary, length; mere verbosity is not unfrequently mistaken for minute explanation—there is such a thing as "darkening counsel by words." Mr. Malan's "Aphorisms" are not new, but they are quite to the point: he is an amateur only, and professes nothing more; he has, however, studied well the principles of Art, and lays down some rules which may be of service to others. There is a novelty, moreover, in this method of giving instruction that is not without its value.

THE OXYMEL PROCESS IN PHOTOGRAPHY. By P. H. DELAMOTTE, F.S.A. Published by CHAPMAN & HALL, London.

Oxymel, a new chemical, is, according to Mr. Delamotte, "undoubtedly the most valuable discovery in the art of photography that has been made since Mr. Scott Archer introduced collodion. By the help of oxymel all the beautiful delicacy of the finest collodion pictures may be obtained, with the convenience of the paper process, with much more certainty, and much greater ease." We recommend the amateur in photography to look into this pamphlet, which explains the oxymel process, besides giving many hints respecting the art generally.

ILLUSTRATED HAND-BOOK OF MILITARY ENGINEERING, AND OF THE IMPLEMENTS OF WAR. By R. FORREST. Published by DAY & SON, London.

Although this work would probably have found a year or two since, when the public mind was engrossed with the details of warlike operations, a larger number of persons to consult its pages than it is now likely to do, they are still not without utility, inasmuch as the book is designed to illustrate and render intelligible to non-professional readers the various necessary technical expressions found in all historical or popular descriptions of modern warfare. It may be termed a dictionary of all words and objects employed in the military service, each of which is fully explained, and where necessary, illustrated by well-executed engravings. We turn over these illustrated leaves and lament to see how much of genius and ingenuity man has displayed to destroy his fellow-man, in this terrible array of guns, mortars, rockets, and all the other paraphernalia of wholesale bloodshed.

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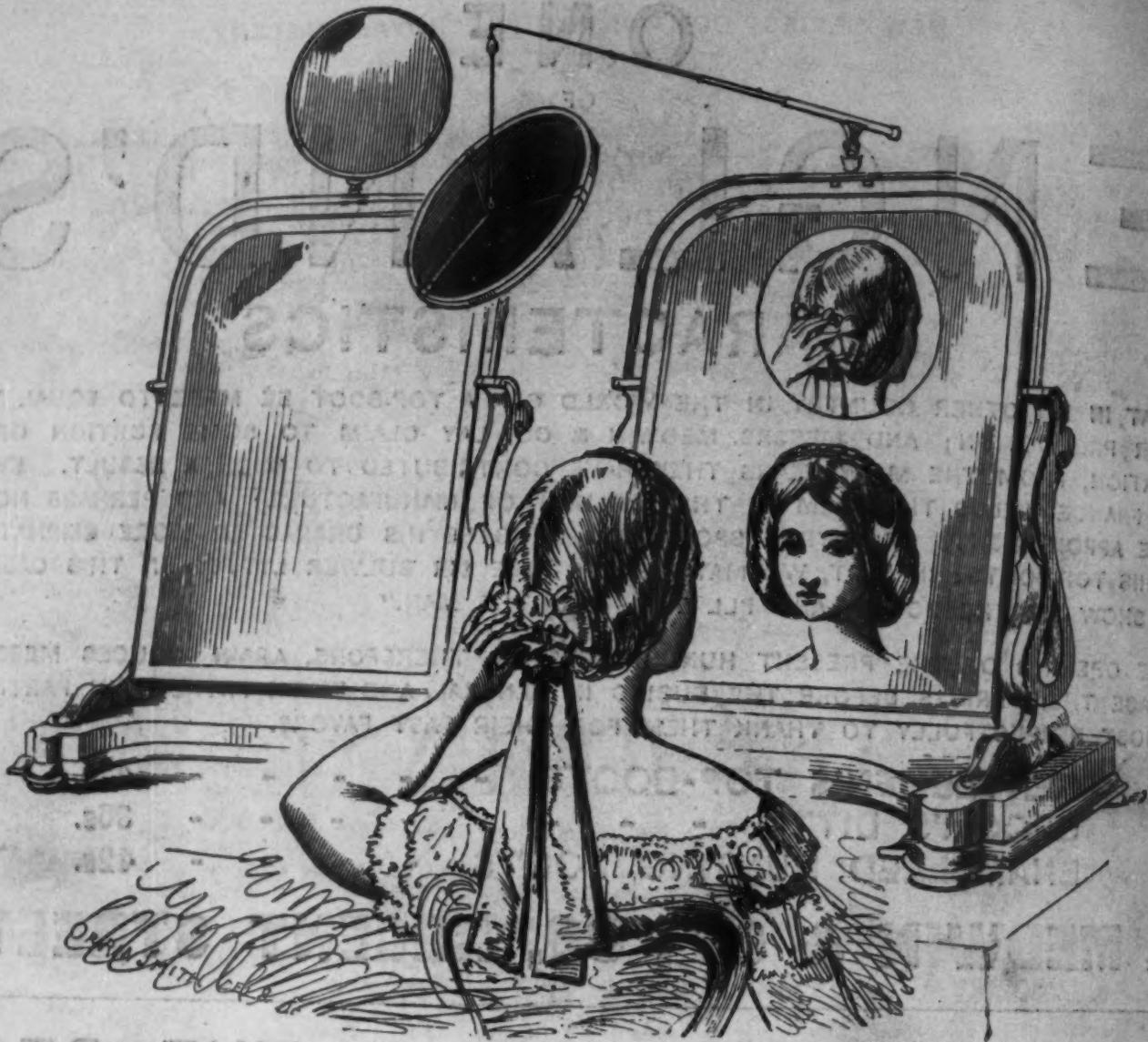
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